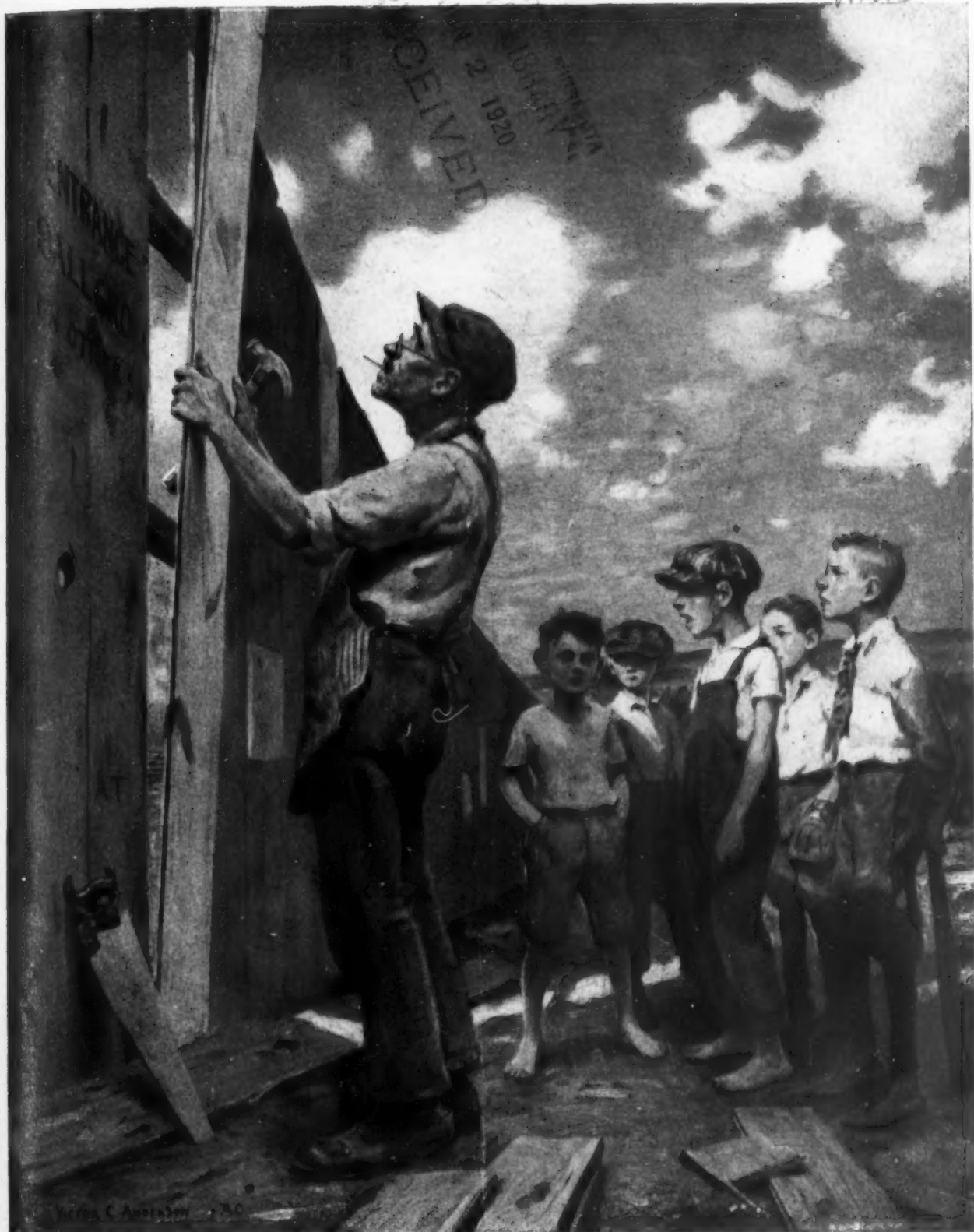


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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

P. 1113



THE PASSING OF THE KNOT HOLE

# MICHELIN

## 30 x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$



Just a word to owners of small cars:

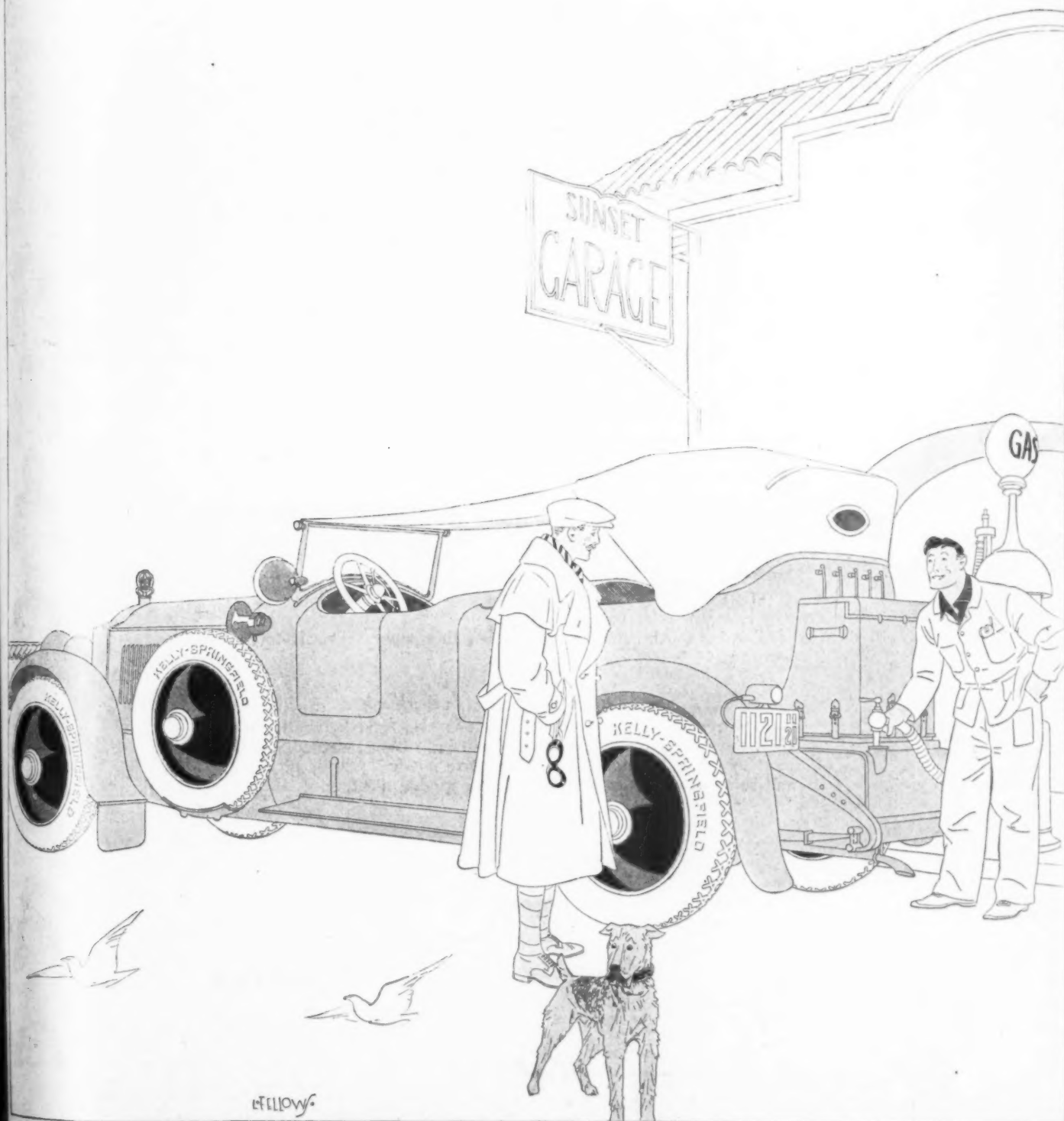
What tubes are best for your car? Ask your dealer and he will tell you Michelin Tubes.

What casings are best for your car? Ask your dealer and he will tell you Michelin Casings.

For a new degree of tire satisfaction use Michelin Casings and Tubes.

**Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.**

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy.  
Dealers in all parts of the world



"You've come all the way from New York to San Francisco without a blowout? Those must be some tires you have!"

"They are. Kelly-Springfields, you know."



## Is LIFE on the Move?

You'll think so if you are fortunate to get to the news-stand in time to see

### The Movie Number—Next Week

This number is not like the motion-picture magazines (not that we wish to discredit some of these excellent productions, especially those that have inadvertently omitted to publish pictures of Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin or Mary Pickford), but it is LIFE's reaction to the movies. It begins with Rea Irvin's cover, "Courage, Little Woman," and reaches its climax in the center-page cartoon, by Victor Anderson, of a boy who—but wait! Have you ever had that kind of a boyish dream, we wonder? And if you know Victor Anderson's wonderful drawings, you will begin to feel in advance the thrill of adventure in this remarkable picture in the next number.

Certainly there is no artist in America who has such a sense of the humor and satire of childhood as Mr. Anderson. Even if you are not a regular, but only an occasional, reader of LIFE, we hope you don't fail to study his pictures. (Examine carefully the cover of this issue—"The Passing of the Knot Hole.")

Don't miss the coming numbers of this paper. This is fair warning.

### The Contest Winner—Next Week

The reading of LIFE's title contest is over, and by the time this reaches our readers the prizes will have been awarded. In next week's LIFE the names of the prize winners will be given, and some of the titles that received honorable mention.

### Special Offer

Also, when you fill out the handsome art coupon just to the left, put your address below it and indicate the amount you are enclosing as follows.

**First:** If you wish to avail yourself of our very special three months' offer (open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate), then enclose \$1. (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26.)

**Second:** If you wish to subscribe for one year (better obey that impulse and do it), then enclose \$5. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04.)



If you value your LIFE (and mine),  
Sign your name on the dotted line.

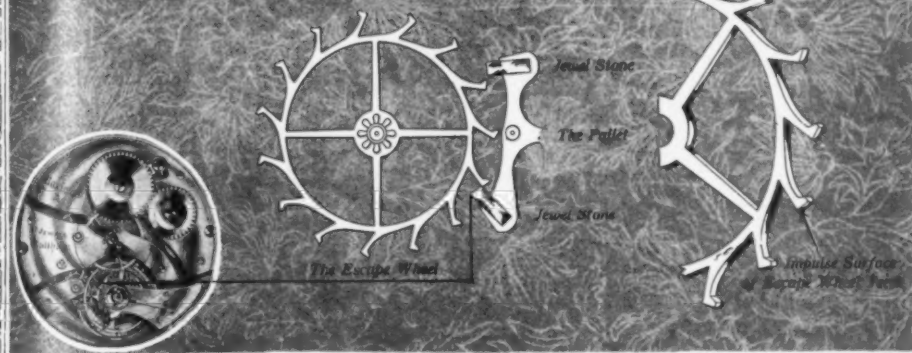
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# PROOF

THE MOST  
SCIENTIFICALLY  
BUILT  
WATCH  
IN THE  
WORLD

*The Waltham Scientific Method  
for Eliminating Friction in the Escapement*



The Waltham Scientific Method for Eliminating Friction in the Escapement  
Which Means Accurate Time-keeping and Dependability of Your Watch

THE pallet stones (pieces of selected Ruby or Sapphire perfectly formed in rectangular shape and highly polished) check the power which comes from the main-spring in your watch and then release it 18,000 times or beats per hour.

In these governing functions of the escape-wheel an impulse is given to the balance wheel, which is transferred in governed movement, called Time, to the hands of the watch.

Think, for a moment, of the possibility of friction, where the pallet jewels slide over the impulse surface of the escape-wheel teeth (illustrated above) 432,000 times every twenty-four hours!

Here was an opportunity for Waltham invention to minimize friction practically to the vanishing point. And friction is the most insidious and dangerous enemy to correct time-keeping in the works of a watch.

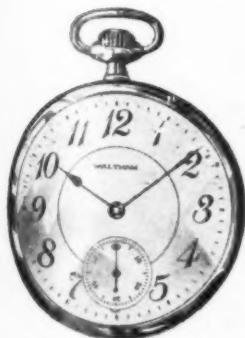
After years of experiment and development, Waltham invented a machine equipped with a diamond

cutter which not only cut the diameter of the escape-wheel to its exact size, but left the impulse surface of the teeth so perfectly shaped (rounded) and highly polished that when the face of the pallet stones (jewels) slid across that surface, friction was practically reduced to its ultimate minimum.

It can readily be seen that this development of the diamond cutter has given the Waltham Watch a positive and valuable advantage in time-keeping and unvarying performance.

The ordinary method of making an escape-wheel is to polish with some polishing compound, which being composed of gritty elements cannot be used without particles of grit becoming embedded in the polished surface. This in time roughens the surface of the pallet stones, eventually causing greater friction and consequent variability of time-keeping.

The Waltham Scientific Method, then, of cutting and polishing with a cutter made from a diamond is another hidden, yet vitally important, superiority in the "works" of a Waltham Watch which provides an unanswerable reason why your watch selection should be a Waltham.



**The Riverside**

The most dependable moderate  
price watch in the world  
\$75 and up

*This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education.  
Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.*

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



### Make sure

that the name is woven in the selvage, or that the label appears on the finished garment.

**Empire Loomcraft SILKS**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**SUPREME  
SILK SHIRTINGS  
FOR MEN**

*Send for New Book of Silks*

**EMPIRE SILK COMPANY**  
315 Fourth Ave. New York

HARRY  
MORSE  
MEN



### Where North and South Meet

**H**ERE one finds the perfection of climate. Old-fashioned hospitality emphasized by the modern technique of luxurious inn-keeping. A metropolitan hostelry with the outdoor attractions of a country home. A few days spent here make all the difference between a dull Spring season and a joyous one.

**HARRY WARDMAN**  
President

**ELMER DYER**  
Manager

**Wardman Park Hotel**  
Connecticut Avenue and Woodley Road  
**WASHINGTON, D.C.**



*Wife:* HOW DOES IT FIT IN THE BACK, HENRY?  
"WHY—ER—IT'S SO TIGHT NOW YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET IT TOGETHER!"



MARWYN Front 2 7/8 in  
Back 1 5/8 in  
A smart roll front style

*Ide*  
COLLARS

What a pleasure it is,  
when you are in a  
hurry, to have a *collar*  
which permits your  
*cravat* to slide easily  
and smoothly—  
There's logical built-in  
room for it in an IDE

Style book on request.

Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.  
*Also makers of IDE SHIRTS—“They Fit”*





*—like oranges?*  
drink  
**ORANGE-CRUSH**



THERE is a lingering charm in the chilly deliciousness of Ward's Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush—a suggestion of fruit-laden groves in wonderful settings of sunshine and color. All the refreshing flavor comes from the delicate oils pressed from the freshly gathered fruit combined by the exclusive Ward process with purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of oranges and lemons.

*in bottles or at fountains*

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago  
Laboratory: Los Angeles

Send for free book, "The Story of Orange-Crush"







# Rigaud's



*The New  
35¢ Size*

# Mary Garden

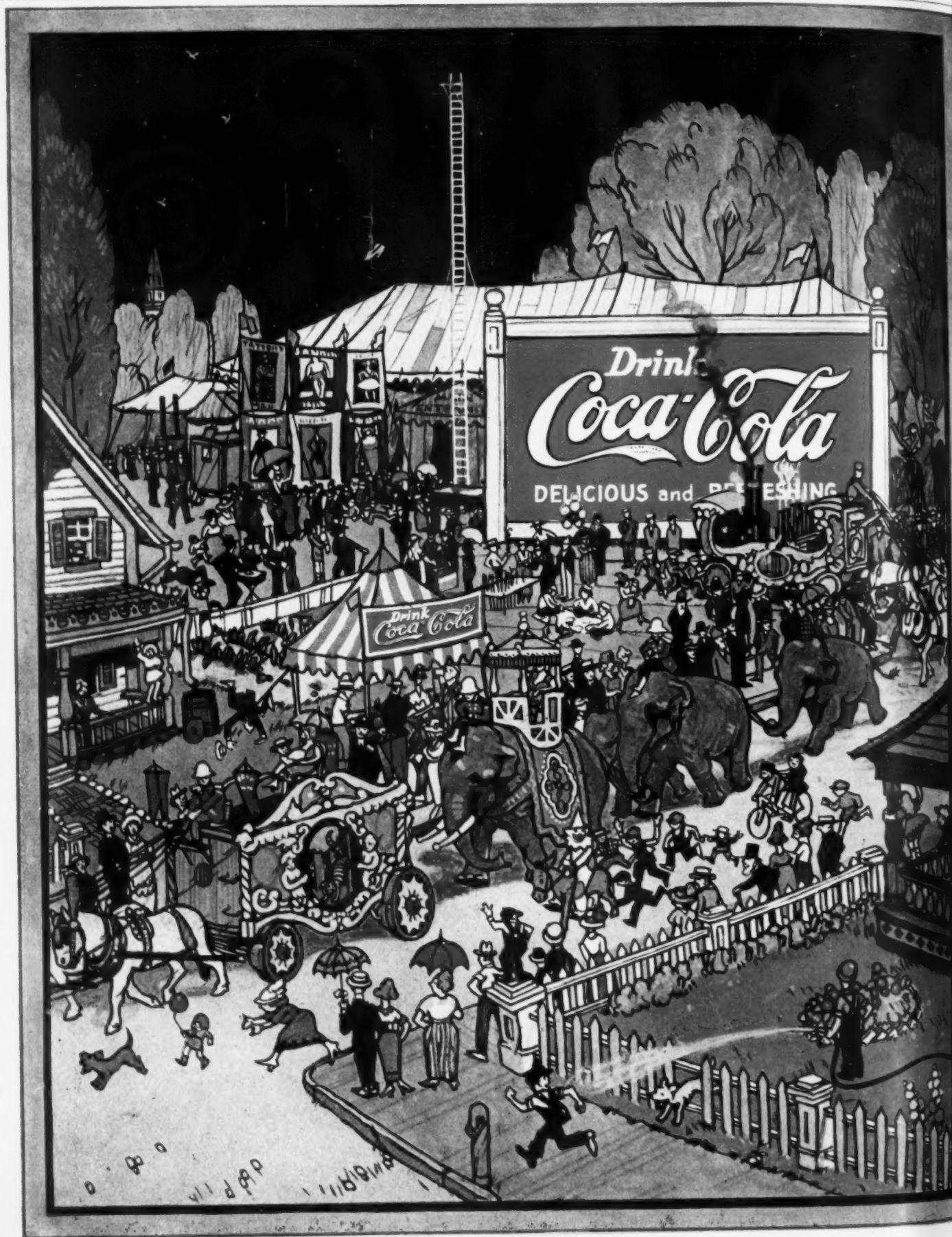
*This fragrance enriches the  
entire series which includes*

Breath Pastilles	Lip Rouge
Brilliantine	Liquid Soap
Cold Cream	Nail Polishes
Eau Dentrifice	Powder (Solid)
Eye, Lash Beautifier	Sachet Powder
Eye Brow Pencil	Shampoo
Extract	Talcum Powder
Face Powder	Tissue Cream
Greaseless Cream	Toilet Water
Hair Tonic	Tooth Paste

Vanity Case



*Rigaud*  
16 Rue de la Paix  
PARIS



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### Nominations

COUNT HOHENZOLLERN to ride the rocket to the moon.

William Jennings Bryan to run in the Olympic marathon.

Postmaster Burleson for the Hall of Blame.

Secretary Daniels to race Sir Thomas Lipton for a cup of tea.

Senator Lodge as chargé d'affaires at Woods Hole.

De Valera and Clemenceau to referee the Dempsey-Carpentier bout.

Volstead and Sir Oliver Lodge to debate the spirit question.

### The Survival of the Fittest

UNLESS the human race leaves the earth, says the *New York Evening Sun*, the elephant will soon be remembered only as a stuffed object in the corridor of the natural history museum. The genial pachyderm is being crowded off his ranges to such an extent that it is merely a matter of two centuries before he will enter into a state of involuntary extinction together with the dinosaurs, the dodo bird and the demon rum.

It is evidently a clearly defined issue between the man and the elephant—the world is not large enough to hold them both. Which is better qualified to remain?

We have a natural family affection for the human race, and we should not like to see it exterminated, but in all justice it must be said that we have investigated the record of the pachyderms carefully, and we find that no elephant has ever been known to (1) vote for Bryan or Prohibition, (2) engage in theatre-ticket speculation, (3) deliver an after-dinner speech, (4) employ twelve-year-old children in his mills, (5) whistle in a public reading-room, (6) write popular-song lyrics or letters to the papers, (7) wear spats, (8) run for the United States Senate, (9) read the subtitles out loud in a movie theatre, (10) operate a garage, (11) organize bomb plots or (12) play a clarinet in a jazz band.

R. E. Sherwood.

Send for a Complete Catalogue of

**MASONIC BOOKS**  
**Jewelry and Goods**  
**REDDING & CO.**

Publishers and Manufacturers

Dept. L. 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

**ARE CAPEWELL NAILS USED**

When your horses are shod? It will pay you to make sure that that brand is used every time. A better driving—surer holding nail was never made. The choice of shoers and horse owners throughout the United States and abroad. A standby for nearly 40 years.

The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.



## How well it pays

### To beautify the teeth

*All statements approved by high dental authorities*

Millions of people are cleaning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results—results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth.

Find out how folks get them. Try this method for ten days and see what your own teeth show.

#### The combat film

Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat—you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

#### A ten-day test will show

Pepsodent proves itself. The results are clear and quick. So the policy is to send a 10-Day Tube to everyone who asks, and a book explaining all its unique effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has discovered a harm-

less activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

#### Why old ways fail

The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve film, so brushing has left much of it intact. Thus millions of people have found that brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Now, after years of searching, science has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Today leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste made to meet every modern requirement. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

less activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

#### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 550, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

*Only one tube to a family*



# COMMUNITY PLATE



## *The Service of Salads*

*"To make and to serve the salad, it is the art of arts."*

—LE MAITRE BEAUCHAMPS

It is in the matter of service that the charm of the *COMMUNITY Individual Salad Fork* reveals itself as compared with the everyday fork. For its blade is broad so that one easily lifts the crisp Lettuce, Endive, Romaine; and even the elusive stalks of Asparagus Vinaigrette are readily managed.

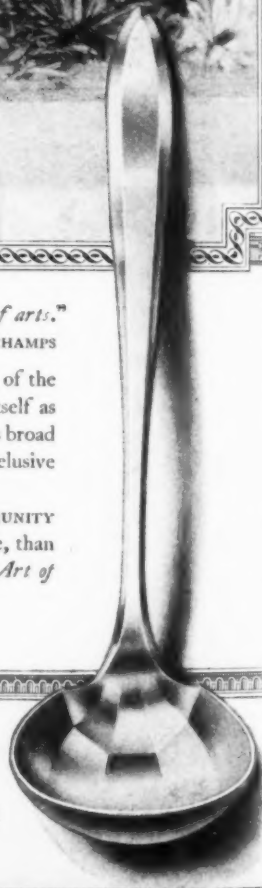
And for Salad Dressing—how much more worthy of the occasion this *COMMUNITY Salad Dressing Ladle*, with its generous bowl and graceful carving handle, than the teaspoon or dessert spoon used by people who have not given the *Art of Salads* the attention it deserves.

OXEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

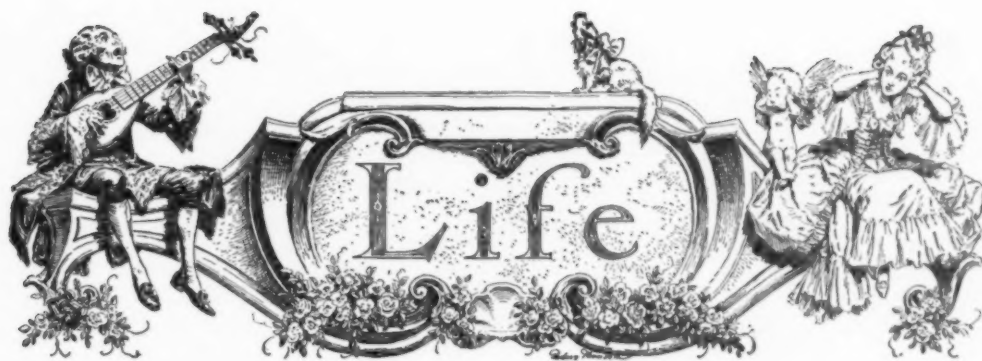
*Individual  
Salad Fork  
at each plate.  
Set of six, \$8.00*



*The Ladle  
for serving  
Salad Dressings  
\$2.25 each*







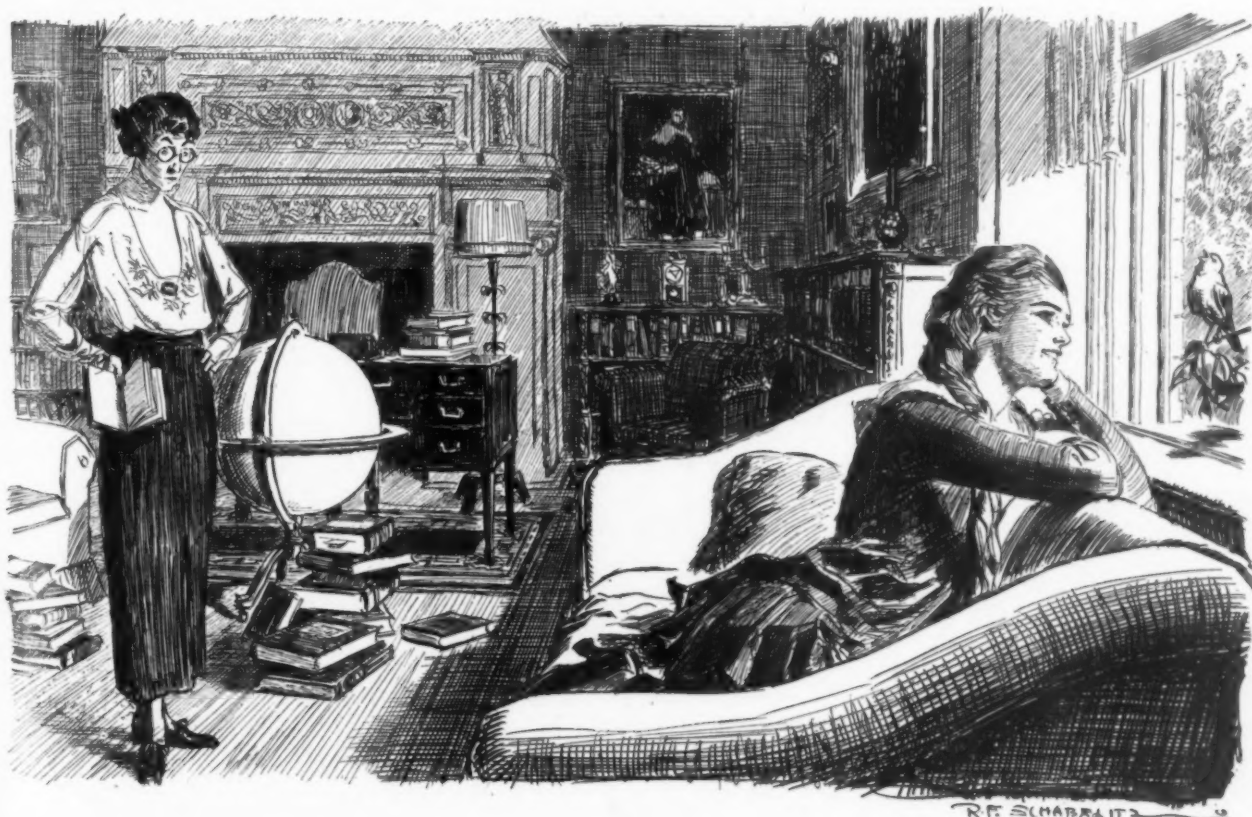
## Picking a Quarrel

A CONTEMPORARY says, "The distinction of being the most expensive community is not one to quarrel over." Why isn't it one to quarrel over? In these days of bargain-counter rushes for sixteen-dollar shoes a little community spirit along the same lines is most acceptable. What distinctions should communities quarrel over? That of having the worst possible mayor, the most abysmal transportation service, the vilest landlords or the most hebetudinous movie censorship?

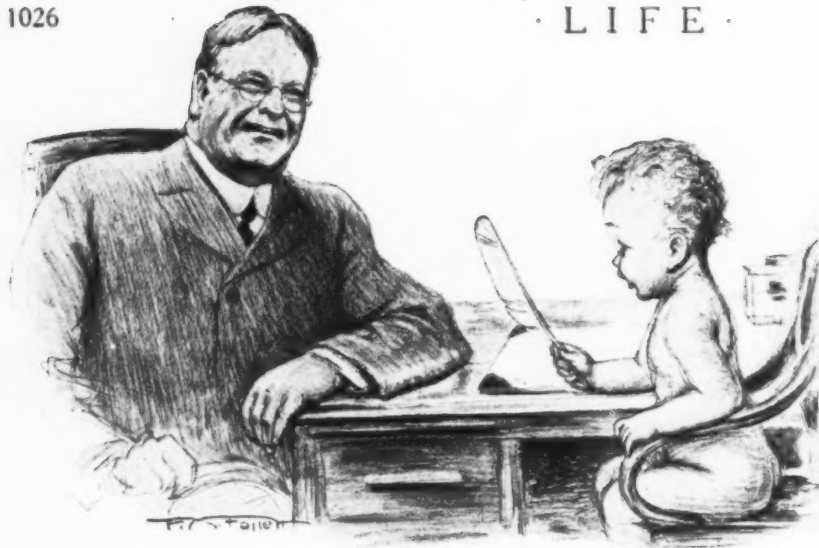
Expensiveness denotes distinction. Distinction accompanies exclusiveness. Why should a person who is perfectly capable and willing to pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a

semi-ready-made suit be permitted to exist in a community that makes no attempt to raise its scale of living to a respectable tone? On with the altercation. The individual *must* be protected.

Picture the respect-compelling effect upon the transient motorist of a signboard stating: "This is Jayburg. It costs you fifty dollars more to be arrested for speeding here than it does in that prehistoric village you are just leaving (or coming to)." Again, picture this tastily painted placard: "Quoggles Four Corners—Try to Get a Meal from Us." Or this: "Ye Quainte Towne of Stickham—Gas, Forty Cents; Oil, Thirty-five Cents; Lodging, Seven to Ten Dollars a Day. Meals and Garage Service Extra."



"COME, COME, MISS EDIT!" IF YOU PERSIST IN PAYING ATTENTION TO THAT SILLY ROBIN, HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FINISH GIVING YOU YOUR NATURAL HISTORY LESSON?"



### Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Good morning, Hiram Johnson."

"Are you busy?"

"I am never too busy to relieve the people of the United States, even temporarily, by listening to a presidential candidate. What can I do for you?"

"I am the only man in this country fitted to be President. Even the disgruntled ones admit it."

"Is that a platform, or a confession?"

"Both. And I want you to help me."

"By quoting your utterances, or by not mentioning you?"

"If you talk that way, LIFE, I shall begin to believe that you are attempting to be humorous, something quite contrary to your hard-earned reputation."

"And I shall begin to believe that you are satirical, which would be fatal to your ambition. Only a vice-president can aspire to satire. Let us assume for the moment that we are not politicians, and be honest with each other. What can I do for you?"

"Am I big enough for the—"

"Why not? You have courage, you like baseball and the movies, you believe in a budget, you are energetic and loquacious, you are frequently interesting, your mental machinery is not too obviously unsound, and you are a materialist. You ought to make an ideal president."

"Then why not support me?"

"Does any presidential candidate who is elected ever turn out well enough to support? Besides, you—"

"Ha! As I thought. You are afraid to support me, for fear I will be elected. Who can prevent me?"

"My dear Senator, there's Hoover."

"Not a chance in the world."

"And Wood."

"What I haven't done to him—"

"And Lowden and Harding and—"

"Pigmies! I dare you to name anyone else."

"My dear Senator, I never take a dare."

"Well, then—"

"Possibly the people, Hiram."

### The Prime Requisite

"I HEAR Jennings is moving to the country. Has he bought any farming machinery yet?"

"Yes—a car to get to town with!"

THE less some people have to do, the more they want to regulate the world—if they only had time.

### A Ballade of Happiness

ON happiness I sometimes muse,  
And definitions dim recall;  
I ponder on the varied views  
Concerning that which holds in thrall.  
The short, the tall, the great, the small,  
And while I query, while I guess,  
Of this I have no doubt at all,—  
Keen is the golfer's happiness!

If mountain climbing one pursues,  
I wonder if it does not pall  
With muscles sore and wearied thews  
When night descends the mountain wall.

The horseman rides unto a fall;  
What do his vivid words express?  
Of this I have no doubt at all;  
Keen is the golfer's happiness!

And those that o'er the waters cruise,  
Should their craft be or yacht or yawl,  
Do they with ardor still enthuse  
When blind and bitter blows the squall?  
And is there not some drop of gall  
For those who fish, and catch no "mess"?  
Of this I have no doubt at all;  
Keen is the golfer's happiness!

### Envoy

O ye who smite the nimble ball,  
Whatever may be your success,  
Of this I have no doubt at all,  
Keen is the golfer's happiness!

Clinton Scollard.

Next week's LIFE will contain the names of the three winners in LIFE's Title Contest, together with titles that received honorable mention.



THE PROFESSOR EXPLAINS HOW THE BUSY BEE GATHERS THE HONEY



"YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE NERVOUS, DADDY. MOTHER AND I HAVE TOLD EVERYBODY HOW ROTTENLY YOU PLAY"

### The Business-Man President Writes His Message

"GOOD morning, Miss Jones," said the President as his stenographer answered the buzzer. "We'll get this message to Congress out of the way first as I have some important matters to take up later in the morning. All ready? Take care of the greeting for me; you will find it in the records of the last administration that used written messages."

The President lighted a cigar and leaned back comfortably. Then he began to dictate:

"Because of the cost of paper, the demands upon my time and pressure in the printing office, I shall omit the survey of the state of the nation, customary in presidential messages. Congress is assembled this year almost solely to consider expenditures, revenues and taxation. It would please me, and the people whom I represent, to have you act on these subjects in a reasonable time, say six weeks. I am attaching a memorandum of our finances, which will tell you how much we shall need, and indicating how I think it should be raised."

"Respectfully yours—"

"Just make two or three copies of that, Miss Jones, and get it over to the printer as soon as possible. Send Miss Smith in to take a letter while you are copying that message."

*Next Week—Title Contest Winners.*

### "Mother"

WHEN he was an office boy he bought papers for the boss at her stall on the sidewalk. He called her "mother" because she always smiled at him.

Now he is the boss, and a hard man to get around. But he buys his daily paper of a lady now grown aged, who sits mumbling on a stool, wrapped in a heavy shawl. And she smiles when he says, "Good morning, mother."

She is proud of him.



"I SAY, OLD MAN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THIS EINSTEIN THEORY OF TIME AND SPACE?"

Father Time: YES, BUT I CAN'T STOP TO EXPLAIN IT.



### Thoughts on Peace

WHO are the most backward nations? Well, neither China nor the United States has joined the League.

If the Senate leans too much on a broken Reed, it is bound to get some pretty hard Knox.

Hoover was getting along all right until some one called him an efficiency expert.

Nature apparently has no power to flatter. The hen is twice as valuable as she was in 1914, and doesn't even know it!

The reason why Congress accomplishes so little is because in a debate it cannot be determined beforehand just what the important things will be. And by the time all the unimportant things have been said, it is too late to pass anything.

The highest sentiment always has a practical side. While we ignore the starving peoples of Europe, our chance of getting a future world trade is passing away.

Destruction is of two kinds: when you actually destroy, and when, being able to do so, you refuse to construct.

Mr. Gompers says that all candidates for Congress should be passed upon by the labor unions before union labor votes for them. Why stop there? Why not also have them passed upon by all the housewives, by all the book-keepers, by all the movie stars?

A great many spectators thought that after the war we would all be better, but instead we seem to be worse. Perhaps this is because the human race is capable of making only so much sacrifice, and when the rate is suddenly increased as it was during the war, it takes some years after to even up.

If a man from Mars came, would he say at the end of a week: "Why, these people are so stupid that they cannot agree among



"YOUR MAJESTY, THIS PERSON CLAIMS TO HAVE CHOKED A TICKET SPECULATOR TO DEATH."

"THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SENT TO HEAVEN."



SUNDAY SCHOOL

themselves about what time it is. They cannot even decide who is to govern them, but leave the choice to those whose only merit is that they cannot support themselves in any other manner."

Mr. Munsey says that, at the present rate, in twenty-five years there will be no paper left for the newspapers. But that doesn't do us any good now.

How long, at this rate, will our national character last?

If making the loudest noise is proof of being an American, then Hiram Johnson cannot be all pro-German.

Can it be said of us that we have a passion for imperfection?

T. L. M.

### The Reward

A WOMAN poet shook the door of heaven. "Here I am," she said. "Admit me."

St. Peter greeted the new soul with a question. "How many children have you mothered?" he asked, unrolling the Entrance Record.

"None," she said. "What a foolish question! Children would have taken my time from art. But I wrote six books of poems—lovely poems, too!"

"How many husbands have you loved?" asked the Saint, without comment on her speech.

"Not one!" replied the applicant. "Men are a bore. Love is a waste of time. Only art is real; only thought is worth while. You should read my poetry."

"Madam," said the heavenly gateman with angelic politeness, "you and your poetry may go to h——." And he locked her out again.





"If I should die before I wake. . . ."

### Mr. Howells

MR. HOWELLS was master of a delightful art of writing. By native skill and long practice he could arrange those little noises, the words, so that they traveled on in admirable harmony. He wrote beautiful prose, and the manner of it—his style—was as definitely his as the manner of a painter is. You see a painting; you know it is Rubens, or Leonardo, or Velasquez, or Whistler, or Sargent, or someone else. So when you strike a paragraph of Mr. Howells', you know it is his. His spirit runs into it; his skill distinguishes it.

One hears that his later novels did not find much favor with the public. Possibly they were not so attractive as his earlier stories. More likely taste had changed. Novel readers nowadays like a good deal of raw meat. They have much the tastes of the people who go to the movies. They sit stolid under tremendous horrors, and it takes very hard punches indeed to reach the inside of them. They like to have the passions rage, and the details of that side of life expounded to them. But Mr. Howells had no skill in a literature to satisfy that sort of demand. All his days he was decent, and always gentle. The adventures in his tales were the simple ones of ordinary life—people making character or losing it, prospering or otherwise, the everyday world that he knew and we all know. He valued the details of deportment with old-fashioned values. Constancy, fidelity, modesty, unselfishness, meant something to him, and did not seem to him tiresome qualities.

No doubt the best of his stories have permanent value and will be library books for a long time to come. This present

time is full of raging and tumult and restless disturbance, with improprieties to match; but some day the world will settle down again, and then there will be people who will want to know what life was like in the United States before materialism culminated in the great war. Then some of them will go and get out Mr. Howells' stories and read them, just as they might read Theocritus or Trollope.

He was a very pleasant man, kind, cheerful, remarkably free from vanity, helpful to anyone he could help.

E. S. M.

### Prodding West Point

WHEN General Ruckman asked President Eliot whether it was true that he told the Harvard Teachers' Association that West Point was a good example of just what an educational institution should not be, Dr. Eliot admitted that that was substantially what he had said. "The inefficiency and failure of its graduates in the war," he thought, "showed that West Point was not what it ought to be." Then he pointed out to General Ruckman what he thought were some of the faults of the military academy; that it accepted material too ill prepared; that it employed its own recent graduates almost exclusively to do its teaching. He thought this last a very bad practice for any educational institution. Where he thought most of the West Pointers fell down in the big war was in sticking to methods that had been taught them, when all the methods of fighting were new, and the methods of supply and accounting ought to have been new also. That, he

### Specimens from LIFE'S Spring Style Book



FOR THE HUNT



FOR GOLFING



IS IT ALWAYS TRUE THAT "EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER"?

thought, was a fault of West Point training.

But of course Dr. Eliot would not approve of the West Point system. He believes in education by liberty. The West Point theory is education by discipline. Dr. Eliot's education aims to teach men to think. West Point's education aims to teach them to obey. To be sure, the aims of educators and their systems are usually defeated more or less by individual nature, but the fact that some West Pointers do think, and a due proportion of students under Dr. Eliot's educational plan never learn to think to amount to much, does not prove that a faulty system is not worth improving. If there is to be a new order in the world, if old things are going to pass away and a new day is coming, there will have to be a new kind of soldier, and these criticisms of Dr. Eliot's on West Point are all the more important.

Possibly Dr. Eliot's complaint about the inbreeding of the West Point teachers applies to conditions that are rather recent. A generation or two ago West Point professors were elderly and carefully chosen men, some from the army and others not, and they possessed and imparted a very noble tradition of a soldier's character and duty. But in those days West Point was a small institution with much fewer pupils; and all the world was different then, anyhow. Even now the sense of professional obligation averages high in the men from Annapolis and West

Point. It may be that out-of-date instruction impairs their efficiency, but at least they still recognize that their business is the public service.

### We're All Human

"ISNT Groucher agreeable?"

"If you catch him off his guard."

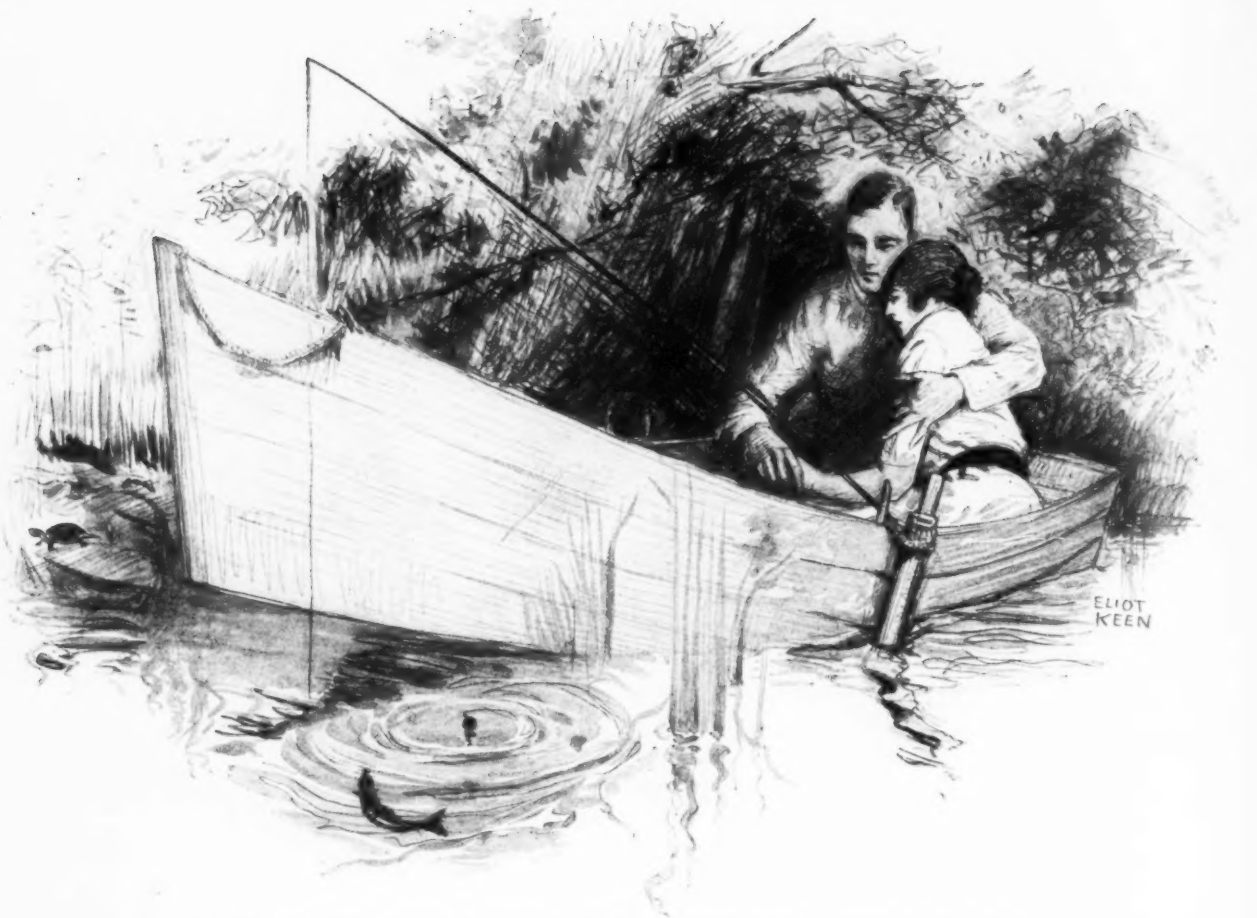
### Ethnology

RUMANIANS plunder and raid,  
Armenians mumble and moan;  
Jugo-Slavs juggle and struggle and  
guggle,  
But Kurds have a whey of their  
own.



The Graduates: THANKS! BUT WE CAN'T CARRY ANY MORE!





*The Fish:* THIS SERVICE IS TERRIBLE. THIS PARTY LINE HASN'T ANSWERED FOR HOURS

### Presidential Possibilities

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"HAVE you Presidential leanings?" said a johnson to a hoov,  
"There's a leonardwood in front of me, which I do not  
approve.

See how eagerly the voters and standpatters all advance!  
They are waiting with a brickbat—won't you come and join the  
dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the  
dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the  
dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be  
When they take us up and throw us in the Presidential sea!"  
But the hoov replied, "Too far! Too far!" and gave a look  
askance—

Said he thanked the johnson kindly, but he would not join the  
dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the  
dance?

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the  
dance?

"What matters it what strength he's got?" his wily friend re-  
plied.

"The uninstructed delegates will stab him in the side."

("The bigger is the field," he mused, "the better is my chance.")  
"Your shyness curb, beloved Herb, come on and join the dance.  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the  
dance?"

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the  
dance?"

Baron Ireland.

### From the Diary of a Clock

THE Silver King, some years ago, howled, "O Lord, turn  
back Thy universe, and give me yesterday." The S. K. got  
gray and rheumy waiting for that miracle.

1914 came along and everybody declared that the clock of  
civilization had been turned back a hundred years.

After the war they turned me forward an hour in order to  
save daylight. I work in a straight twenty-four-hour shift, and  
have got to blow my lunch whistle so that everybody else can eat.  
Anybody can tell I'm a liar by looking into my face.

The next thing that man will do is to pass a law prohibiting  
me from striking.

"ANOTHER of our masculine pleasures is about to become  
a thing of the past, thanks to woman suffrage."

"What do you have reference to?"

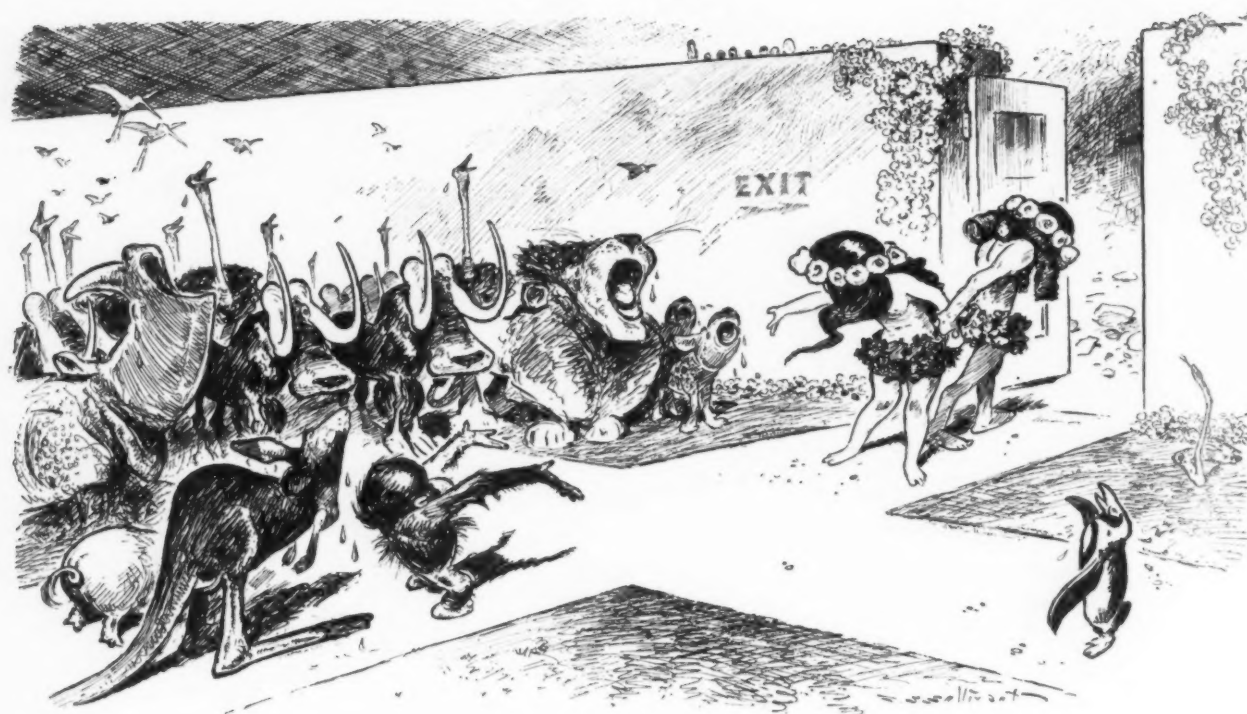
"Taking the straw vote. Who would venture to predict a  
woman's ballot twenty-four hours before election?"

Maybe you won LIFE's Title Contest. Final awards in the  
next number.





They Identify the Film Star



That First Sad Parting

### Ode to a Ouija

ORACLES for the heathen,  
And prophets for the Jew,  
But the Ouija, yes, the Ouija board  
for me.  
Saints have their disadvantages,  
And prophets not a few,  
But the Ouija board just suits me to  
a T.  
For there's nothing very formal,  
Or in any way abnormal  
In the way you call on Ouija for  
advice.  
It isn't psychic—still  
You can move it where you will,  
Which, when you come to think of it,  
Is really rather nice.

### The S. S. Hylan

NEW YORK CITY is in recent possession of a police boat named John F. Hylan. The Hylan will ply the pellucid waters of New York harbor. It may even be induced to make side trips to Palm Beach and Atlantic City. Though it is likely to spring an occasional leak and require a firm hand at the helm, it should provide plenty of amusement and recreation for its crew. It was sold to the city for the nominal sum of one dollar. Whether, in consideration of its namesake, it may be looked upon as an outright bargain is too impertinent a question to tolerate. "On the funnel of the Hylan (so said the

New York Evening Sun) is the unique design of a flag, painted in white and green stripes with a yellow border."

How appropriate! The white, no doubt, is for purity; the green, a touching tribute to Th' Ould Counthry, and the yellow border out of respect to Mr. Hearst.

### Budding Greatness

REPORTER: I called, madam, to learn something of the early struggles of your distinguished son.

OLD LADY: He had no struggles that I can recollect, except that he made a good deal of fuss about having his face washed.

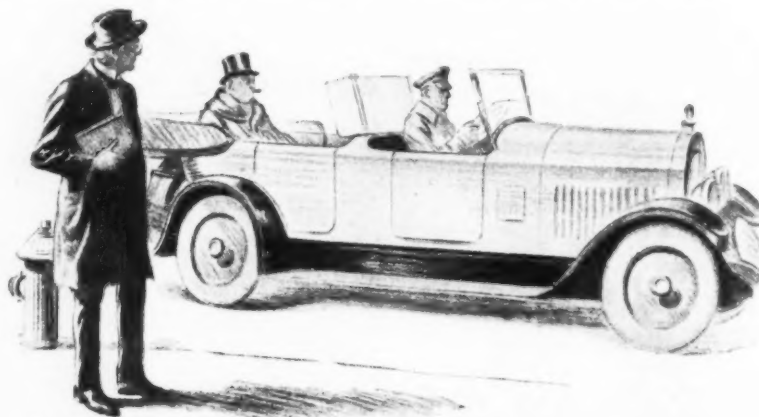
### The March of Civilization

MORE illicit stills were found in New York City in the first three months of 1920 than in any previous year on record.

Which is sufficient answer to those shortsighted skeptics who claimed that Prohibition would retard progress.

"ISN'T it dreadful? It was bad enough without servants to have the bishop visit us, but now he writes asking if we mind having the curate also."

"Providence, my dear! Providence! The curate can help with the dishes."



The Old Schoolmaster: IS THAT ALL THE GOOD I DID HIM?

### The Vicious Circle

THIS is a topsy-turvy age,  
When servants ride and masters walk;  
And countless jobs, with princely wage,  
Go begging while the workmen talk.

The largest purse complains the most.  
"Thief!" is the cry of profiteers;  
False standards raise the loudest boast;  
The homely virtues meet with jeers.

Confusion follows shallow thought;  
The agitator waxes fat;  
Expensive baubles now are sought  
By all the proletariat.

Demands are granted by the score  
That hint of others still to come;  
When wages rise the prices soar,  
And so on *ad infinitum*.

That this wild spree will sometime go  
Is doubted not by sober men;  
All vicious circles break, we know—  
The only point in doubt is, When?

Roscoe Brumbaugh.



"THREE MEN ARE IN LOVE WITH HER, BUT NOBODY CAN TELL THE OUTCOME."

"WHY NOT?"

"NOBODY KNOWS WHO WILL MAKE THE LARGEST INDIVIDUAL CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION."

### Doctor Time

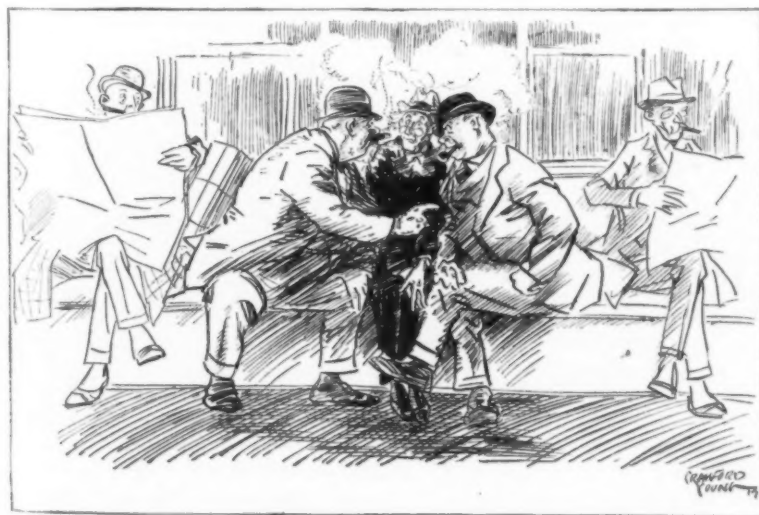
IN 1893, in place of an annual deficit this country had a surplus of one hundred and five million dollars; instead of being too high, prices were too low, and in place of the abbreviated garments of to-day, women wore skirts so long that they swept the ground. People were not satisfied then, either. Financiers agreed that the annual surplus was a menace to our financial stability, the farmers raged because wheat was only fifty cents a bushel, and dress reformers clamored that the long skirts collected disease germs and were thoroughly unhygienic.

As we look at conditions to-day, we note that Doctor Time

has effected a complete cure. Prices are higher, and so are skirts. As for the annual surplus, the invincible Doctor soon reduced that swelling. The very next year it began to subside, and it soon disappeared entirely. Some may argue that the cure is worse than the disease, but that has nothing to do with the case. The point is he cured us.

He will cure our present ills also. Thirty years from now many of us will still be alive and kicking, but our complaints will be different. The present ailments will all be gone, and in their place we will have a new set that we do not even dream of now. Why listen to the quack physicians who are constantly feeling Uncle Sam's pulse, worrying about his circulation and fussing about his diet? Entrust the matter to Doctor Time—the only physician who never lost a case.

R. S. M.



One of the Arguers (to stranger in the middle): THAT'S ALL RIGHT;  
DON'T MOVE, BOSS! YOU AIN'T DISTURBIN' US

### A Popular Movement

THE notice of the meeting was so worded that a generous response was assured. At the appointed hour the hall was packed. The chairman called the meeting to order and introduced the speaker of the evening. He was a modestly dressed, unimpressive little man, but he was an earnest talker.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this meeting was called for the purpose of starting a campaign to raise funds for the impoverished contributors to innumerable other campaigns."

The rest of the speech was not heard because of the tremendous applause.

### The Winners' Names

And other interesting information about LIFE's Title Contest will be published in next week's LIFE.





JUNE 3, 1920

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 75  
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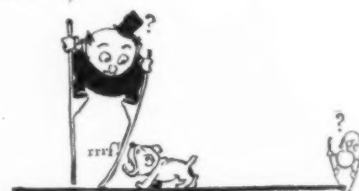
DOES everybody know what is happening in our economic world? When the milk doesn't come for breakfast and they have canned milk or go without because the milk-wagon drivers were not disposed to drive, do they know what it means? When they read in the papers that down in West Street the trucks are five abreast, standing still and not able to get to the pier, and that the yardmen in the big west-side railroad yards went out overnight and are not moving freight cars, do they understand at all what is up? The trouble is that the demand for labor very much exceeds the available supply, and that the people who are able to pay the most get the men. Those people, apparently, are the big industrial concerns, a good many of whom are making articles of luxury which a lot of highly paid or otherwise affluent people want and are able to pay for. They hire the workmen they need, and they pay what they must, and keep them working. They put up the price of their products enough to cover the increased expense of production. They can do it. Nothing hinders them. But the railroads can't do it. They can't raise rates without permission of government boards, and they can't keep their men from quitting their railroad jobs and going off to do something that is more remunerative and agreeable. The consequence is that the profitable industries draw labor away from the necessary industries. Presently the manufacturers find that they can't get coal because the railroads can't haul it or because the

miners won't mine it, and that they can't distribute their manufactured commodities because freight is congested. Unless the railroads operate, and operate profusely and regularly, industrial and economic activity cannot keep up. Where the railroads are impeded it is like the case of hardened arteries in the human body. Unless the blood can get around, the human machine doesn't work. Now the problem is to get the necessary industries operating. The most necessary industries of all are railroads and agriculture. Milk has troubles of its own, but back of them all is the high price of labor on the farms and on the distribution wagons.

This situation is bound to cure itself in time. If the manufacturers who are able to hire the labor can't distribute their products, they will shut down. Then the railroads may get the men they need, and perhaps the farms also will get their necessary labor. But the process may be very trying and expensive. There has been little prevision about these matters because Congress spent such an eternity of time wrangling over the Peace Treaty and now because the politicians, including most of the legislators, are very busy about the presidential conventions. The effort to keep us out of the embarrassments of Europe has so far been a brilliant success. We have had quantities of money for luxuries and have had the luxuries until, as noted, the industrial operations that are absolutely necessary for our health are pretty well stalled. Of course we are not flat on our backs yet. A great many people lose money because business is so impeded, but the railroads have not stopped, and even seem to be improving.

But there is a lot to be done, a lot to be thought out, planned and accomplished before our matters run smoothly again. The water has got to be squeezed out of our money, and prices have got to come down. Wages must be adjusted somehow to the value of what the workers who receive them produce. We have got to export to Europe what Europe needs in order to maintain our trade, and as the neediest part of Europe has no buying power until it can get raw materials and food and start its industry, we must manage to supply its needs at first on credit.

The idea that has been so much vaunted and approved by some statesmen, that the great duty of the United States was to look out for itself, has not been applied with sufficient intelligence. Looking out for oneself on a large scale suited to a great country involves a considerable degree of attention to other people. We have tried to avoid that, but the prospect is that our success will not be brilliant. We have tried to shut out by a sort of quarantine European poverty, and behold! here we are, developing an independent personal stomachache in our own inside.



IT is quite true that all of Europe is not equally in want. The western part of it is doing pretty well. England is getting along; France is improving in condition; the rate of exchange is improving; Belgium is prospering; Germany has somehow got to work; Italy doubtless needs credit, but does not seem to be distressed; and Czecho-Slovakia, the new nation that includes Bohemia, is said to be doing finely. But Austria is badly off, and Vienna is half or three-quarters starving. From there north in Middle Europe things are in a bad state. Russian cities



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

are a dreadful mess of filth, starvation and despotism, and all Russia seems still to be in a chaotic state, though the country is better off than the towns. To all that region we have a duty, and have not met it. It is very serious. After one has heard Mr. Davison talk about it, it seems as if nothing else was worth thinking about.

But we can hardly do much about that, nor deal effectively with our own troubles, until after the political conventions. What they will do for us hardly anyone ventures to predict, but possibly one or the other of them—or maybe both—may be penetrated by the sense of duty which most decent people still believe exists in this country in all the quantity needed to back a competent leader in the readjustment of our own economic matters and in helping the rest of the world to get along with theirs. The strength of Hoover is that so many people believe that he knows better and more definitely than anyone else what ought to be done. The faster we come to the point where the public mind recognizes that our concerns, spiritual, political and economic, have come to a pass that calls for the most high-minded

and intelligent handling the heart and head of the country can provide, the better it is for the Hoover influence in current politics.



**T**HE Republican Ways and Means Committee of the House have reported a bonus bill that provides for an expenditure of \$1,400,000,000 for service men. The Democrats opposed it without success, except that they managed to get into it a ten-per-cent. tax on the privilege of issuing stock dividends.

It is hardly to be expected that the bill will ever become a law. The bonus idea is not a good idea. When the *World* says that the measure which contains it is "purely of political origin and based on the assumption that it will buy votes at public expense for senators and representatives who are candidates for re-election," it seems to us to say what is true. How much support the bill has from the

whole mass of the men whom it is meant to benefit cannot be accurately declared, but the opposition to it, especially among the veterans of the A. E. F., has found voice abundantly. The treatment of the service men by the government has not been ideal. Private soldiers received sixty dollars apiece when they were discharged. It would have been better if they had been paid at least three times as much. Efforts to take care of the disabled, to provide employment for those who wanted it, to help all who needed help, have all been more or less impeded by red tape and the general difficulty of getting done what should be done. There is plenty to regret about it all, but the way to cure the regrets is not by a huge blanket bonus that will still further embarrass finances that are already embarrassed enough. It is not at all a case in which those who appreciate the services of the service men are for the bonus, and those who don't care about them are against it. The effort has been made to make it seem so, but the best friends of the service men don't want the bonus, and the best characters among the men themselves don't want it either.









### Brogue: Chinese and Irish

ONE more Chinese girl talking American slang on the local stage and diplomatic relations should be broken off with that country! Instead of letting up on our immigration laws, there ought to be a restriction made this very minute barring any Chinese ingenues who show signs of developing American colloquialisms in their conversation, for one never realizes what terrible things swearing and slang are until one hears them uttered by a little Chinese character for comedy effect.

"His Chinese Wife" at the Belmont runs along very nicely until Madeline Delmar comes on as *Tea Flower*, the Chinese princess who has married a young American and returned with him to New Jersey and his unenthusiastic family. Then things begin to get quaint.

It isn't Miss Delmar's fault that she is made to say, "Go chhase yourself!" and "Did I make a cow—oh, I mean a bull?" But do all Chinese girls who are learning to speak English have to use a tone of voice which suggests that they are singing the soprano part to an umpire's announcement of the day's batteries? No Chinese girl learning to speak English ever came into this office; so the question will probably never be cleared up satisfactorily, but it seems improbable that Miss Delmar has caught the exact notes. As it stands, the rising inflection at the end of each sentence sounds as if the young princess were constantly asking herself questions, and the almost irresistible impulse is to stand up on one's seat and shout, "No! Now be quiet!" to everything she says.

The play itself threatens at first to be good. Or rather, it doesn't seem as if it were going to be so bad as the photographs in the Sunday papers make it out to be. Whenever you see a stage picture in the paper showing a girl in Chinese costume pleading with a young man in a two-button, double-breasted suit, you are fairly safe in assuming that someone else has seen "East Is West" and liked it well enough to write another.

"His Chinese Wife," however, gives promise of being something better. But only a promise. In the first place, the little

Chinese girl doesn't say "damn" or "hell" until the second act. For one whole act you are spared, and wonder if perhaps something new in Chinese ingenues has not been created. In the lobby between the first and second acts men-about-town lay bets on when the dreaded expletives will occur. On the first night one man, who generally has information straight from Wall Street, said that he had it on good authority that she wasn't going to say them at all. Those who were unfortunate enough to take his tip lost a great deal of money, for shortly after the curtain went up on the second act a perfect volley of silver-toned swear-words was delivered by the young woman in the kimono.

From then on everything goes black, and the next thing you know you are at home and in bed.



IRELAND may be on the verge of revolution, but the Irish comedy is not. Probably nothing more reactionary still persists in our civic affairs. For Chauncey Olcott is back in "Macushla," which, being translated, means "Pulse of My Heart."

(Song Cue: "*Machushla, Pulse of My Heart Where the River Shannon Flows.*")

Arrah, Chauncey, me bye! (Irish dialect). With the gay, debonnaire way of him, and the sweet, throaty tenor voice of him, and the extra chin deftly concealed in the folds of the high white stock of him! Whist now (some day a real Irishman is going to say "Whist now," and England is going to disown the whole country), 'tis the same auld Chauncey!

(Song Cue: "'Tis the Same Auld Chauncey Where the River Shannon Flows.")

And "Macushla"! The pride of Duncannon, that's what Machushla was. All you can see of her is her head and forelock peering over the end of the box-stall, but you can just tell that she is going to win that race, discomfiting (aye, ruining) *Warren Fairchild*, the English cad, and bringing money to the empty pockets of *Sir Brian Fitzgerald*, the new lord of Duncannon.

(Song Cue: "*Sir Brian Fitzgerald, the Lord of Duncannon, Where the River Shannon Flows.*")

*Sir Brian* is, of course, played by Mr. Olcott, and wears the conventional *Bob Acres* hat with a buckle in front and a purple coat with repeating capes (stout model). The white stock, besides serving to conceal the spare chin, is also helpful in keeping the voice up until the last measure, when it breaks with a sob which sends the audience into emotional prostration. Try it yourself some time when you are in the shower bath.



THE NEWLY MARRIED COMMUTER GOES

Very high tenor, shifting quickly into second with a sob just before the end. If your shower-bath walls carry an effective echo, you can easily make yourself cry.

So you may just imagine what Chauncey Olcott does to an audience unfavorable to England.

Robert C. Benchley.

## Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

**Astor.**—"East Is West." Chinese girl learning American slang. First edition.

**Belasco.**—"The Son-Daughter." Chinese girl learning American slang. Second edition.

**Belmont.**—"His Chinese Wife." Chinese girl learning American slang. Third and, please Heaven, last edition. Reviewed in this issue.

**Booth.**—"Not So Long Ago." Pleasant comedy of New York life when eggs were twenty-five cents a dozen and Grant was thinking of a third term.

**Casino.**—"Betty, Be Good." Hugo Riesenfeld's music in bad company.

**Central.**—"As You Were." Musical show with Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni.

**Century.**—"Florodora." A revival of the sextette problem.

**Geo. M. Cohan.**—"The Hottentot." William Collier, as funny as ever, in a play about something or other.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Honey Girl." The old racing play, "Checkers," successfully orchestrated.

**Comedy.**—"My Lady Friends." Clifton Crawford in an amusing farce involving money and women.

**Cort.**—"Abraham Lincoln." A dramatization by an Englishman which bids fair to become a classic of the American stage.

**Eltinge.**—"Martinique." Drama of St. Pierre, unfortunately before the earthquake. Pleasing to the eye, however.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Storm." Two men and a girl, with a blizzard and a forest fire thrown in to make it harder.

**Fulton.**—"An Innocent Idea." Notice later.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'." No end in sight for Frank Bacon's record-breaking run.

**Garrick.**—"Jane Clegg." Sombre drama of English middle-class life, impressively done.

**Greenwich Village.**—"Foot-Loose." Emily Stevens in an adaptation from the old drama, "Forget-Me-Not," which puts to shame many a modern effort.

**Harris.**—"Respect for Riches." Alexandra Carlisle in a drawing-room full of epigrams.

**Henry Miller.**—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Blanche Bates and Henry Miller in one of the season's most successful satires.

**Hudson.**—"Clarence." Highly amusing comedy of adolescence and other post-war problems.

**Knickerbocker.**—"Shavings." Cape Cod types faithfully reproduced in rustic comedy.

**Liberty.**—"The Night Boat." John Hazzard and Ada Lewis entirely surrounded by ticket-agencies. Good if you can get in.

**Little.**—"Beyond the Horizon." Excellent presentation of a powerful tragedy of life on an American farm.

**Longacre.**—"Adam and Eva." What every father should know about the way to keep his family from spending money.

**Lyceum.**—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a comedy of chorus-girl life.

**Lyric.**—"What's in a Name?" An original and beautiful spectacle, with orchestra accompaniment and much good comedy, especially from Beatrice Herford.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"All Souls' Eve." A spiritualistic idyl of vicarious motherhood. Easily cried at.



**Hubby:** BY THE WAY, MARIE, I'VE BEEN THINKING OVER THAT LITTLE ARGUMENT WE HAD, AND I'M BEGINNING TO AGREE WITH YOU.

**Wifey:** BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE. I'VE CHANGED MY MIND.

**Morosco.**—"The Hole in the Wall." Martha Hedman associated with some lucky spirits.

**New Amsterdam.**—Ed. Wynn Carnival. Extremely amusing monopoly of an entire performance by the combination author-and-stage-hand.

**Nora Bayes.**—"Lassie." You can't go wrong if you like good music.

**Park.**—Chauncey Olcott in "Macushla." Reviewed in this issue.

**Republic.**—"The Sign on the Door." Mystery and crime and Marjorie Rambeau. What more do you want?

**Selwyn.**—"Buddies." The A. E. F. in France after the war, singing and dancing prettily.

**Shubert.**—"39 East." Repeated by request.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"Scandal." Sex talk over the teacups.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Irene." An exceptionally satisfactory musical comedy.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show." You'll either like it or you won't.

**Ziegfeld Frolic.**—Entertainment for man and beast.



FOR HIS TRAIN





12:30—Ball Game Begins at 3:00

## The Profiteer and the Burglar

THE profiteer was busily (and reasonably quietly) engaged in acquiring eight hours' sleep to which he was not entitled. The burglar, a little awestruck perhaps by the magnificent surroundings, knocked over a vase that had been standing upon the table.

The profiteer awoke and turned on the light. The burglar blinked solemnly and remarked—very much in the manner of a British witticism:

"Nah, then, guv'nor, one blinkin' peep an' I bashes yer on yer blinkin' snitch."

The situation was at once apparent to the profiteer. But (being what he was) he was a man of great intrepidity. "Have you," he asked in a tone calculated to soothe the professional rancor of the burglar, "no shame?"

"Wot?" exclaimed the burglar astounded.

"My man," continued the profiteer, pressing his advantage, "remember the eighth commandment. Such temporary advantages that may accrue from your present illegal enterprise will eventually mean nothing but sorrow for you. Don't you know it's very wrong to steal?"

"Say," exclaimed the burglar, "what are you trying to get away with? I know who you are. Compared with you, I'm a piker. Give us a chance—"

"Gladly," assented the profiteer, "but you must mend your ways. It's much more satisfactory to be an honest, upright and respected citizen like—well—like me."

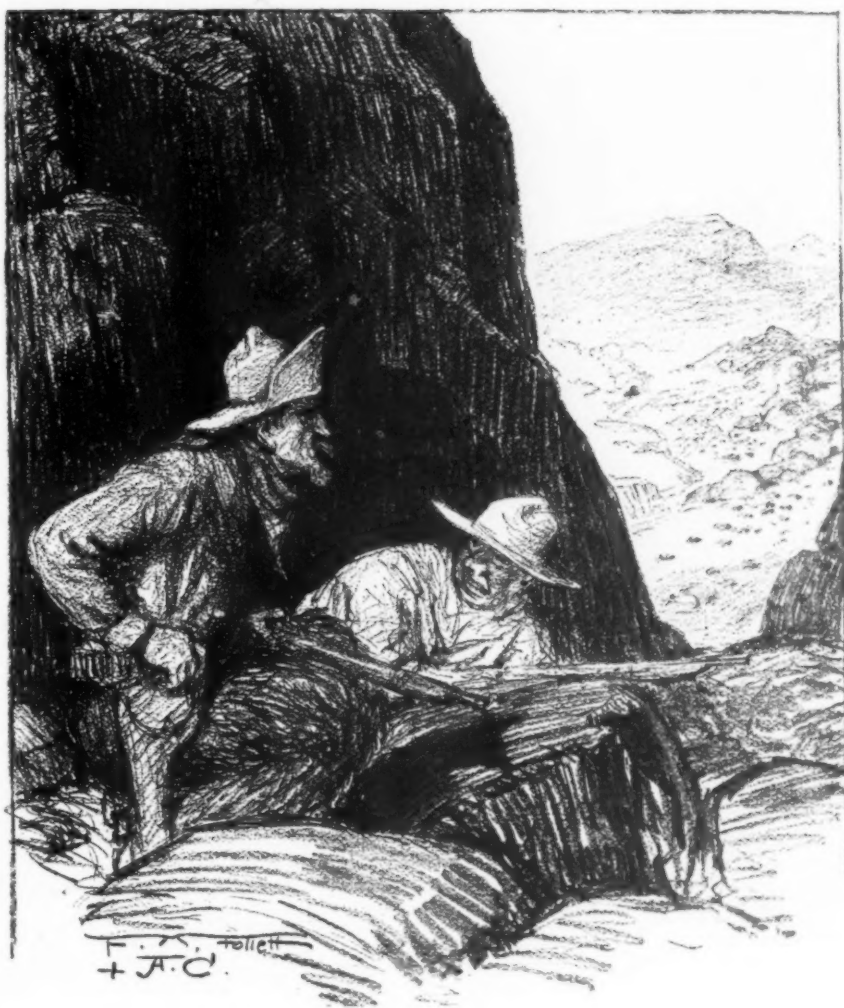
"Be like you?" exclaimed the burglar ignoring the adjectives, "not 'arf. I only takes from them as can afford it. You robs the poor. I got no use for the poor—I don't trouble 'em. I leaves that to you."

"Do you mean to imply—"

"Look at Widdy O'Grady—her with the six kids. You got her worked to skin an' bone gettin' shoes for 'em an' sugar an' a house to live in. All them as has nothin' you gouge until they has still less. Wot decent burglar would be guilty of doin' that? Why, you big hog," exclaimed the burglar indignantly, "I've a good mind to hang one on yer eye—"

"There, there," said the profiteer soothingly, "I'll admit there is something in what you say." He was still dazed from the sudden awakening. "I do control, more or less, the necessities and minor decencies of civilized life. But I'm going to take you into my confidence. You are, in a way, a colleague of mine, a confrère. . . ."

"Look out, now," exclaimed the burglar suspiciously, "don't start callin' me dirty names—"



"SAY, RED, AFTER WE TURN THIS TRICK LET'S OPEN A AUTOMOBILE ROADHOUSE SOMEWHERE."

"I RECKON NOT, AL. I STILL HAVE SOME CONSCIENCE LEFT."

"If you take from the rich, they'll only even it up by taking from the poor. By robbing me, you are only forcing me to take from someone else. And if that someone happens to be the Widow O'Grady. . . ."

"Ar, now, guv'nor," whined the burglar, "cut that out. I got my livin' to make. The missus has to be pervided for, an' I got social position in the underworld to maintain. If I cracks this crib, it'll give me a swell reputation. I'm only a young feller, tryin' to get along. Don't give me none of this smooth stuff—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the profiteer. "You seem to be a bright, enterprising, likable young man. You leave this swag here where it belongs, and promise me faithfully to stop this sort of thing. Come to see me in the morning. I'll give you a good job in my office."

"Hey," yelled the burglar in sudden terror, "lemme out! Work in your office? The h—I I will! I'm a respectable burglar, I am!"

And, in his panic, almost forgetting to take the loot, he dove for the open window.

Henry William Hanemann.

## That June Feeling

VISITOR: Catching anything?

NATIVE: Naw. Every time a car goes over this bridge it scares the fish all away.

"Why don't you move up stream a little?"

"Thar ain't no comfortable seats thar."

THE cook that came and went no longer even comes.



THE LOST LUMP OF SUGAR  
A ROMANCE OF 1920



## Literature in a Nutshell

AMONG the many schemes for conservation, a practical plan not wholly to be despised has been invented by Edwin A. Grozier, who is issuing the one hundred best novels in condensed form. Unless we have been misinformed, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* has thus been reduced to fifteen hundred words. How much the character of Becky Sharp has been improved in consequence is not for the literary tyro to suggest.

*Little Women* is also one of the victims. At present the scheme is limited to only one hundred novels, so that the ambitious person in search of a proper literary education will be somewhat curtailed in his aspirations. Still, one ought to make a fairly good showing if one can claim even a fractional acquaintance with a hundred "best" novels. Doubtless the list will soon be extended to include Don Quixote, the Bible and the Koran.

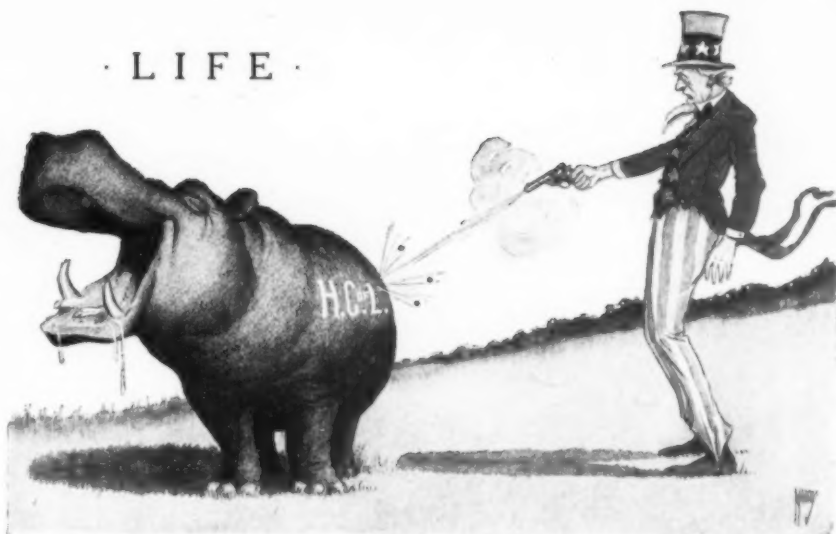
In the meantime, in spite of the shortage of paper, the newspapers continue to print their comic supplements.

VISITOR TO PRISON: I'll bet that poor fellow has his good side.

PRISON ATTENDANT: Yes, but that isn't what brought him here, ma'am.



"IS THIS MISS ALLYN CLEVER?"  
"CLEVER! WHY, MAN, YOU CAN'T TALK WITH HER FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT BEGINNING TO REALIZE WHAT A BRILLIANT CHAP YOU ARE."



"STOP YER TICKLIN', SAM"

## The Fresh Air Endowments

AMONG the acknowledgments of contributions to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, shortly to appear, there will be found a lump sum credited to the Fresh Air Endowments. This will represent the total accruals from endowments on which a full year's income has been received, and indicates that those endowments have begun their work of perpetual well-doing. Besides these there will be included some odd amounts arising from the inclusion in the original gifts of past-due coupons, etc., all helping in the good cause.

The summer's work and play will soon be in full swing and LIFE's Farm will be resounding with the shouts and laughter of city waifs happy for their short respite from the miseries of tenement life in summer heat. Readers of LIFE who would like to help humanity by the establishment of one or more endowments will find the requirements printed below.

Funds have been received from

Mrs. Gertrude T. Clarke, New York City, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 165

"In Memoriam."

From Mrs. Simeon Leland, Bryn Mawr, Washington, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 166

"In Memory of my father, WILLIAM H. RADFORD of New York City."

From F. D. Smith, Esq., of Lowell, Massachusetts, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 167

In the Name of ELLA F. LIVINGSTON.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan bonds, or their equivalent, should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation chosen.

## The Master

"OF course there is no such a thing as woman's supremacy."

"Think not? From the time a boy sits under a street light playing with toads until he is blind and old and toothless he has to explain to some woman why he didn't come home earlier."

THE last skyrocket and fire-cracker had been shot off, and mother was preparing the children for bed.

"You have all your fingers, all your toes, and no one has lost an eye. Our next celebration will be Thanksgiving."

*The Home Seekers*

S AID he: "We'll take Apartment Ten,  
Although it's small and in the rear;  
I rather think we'll like it when  
We've lived there for about a year."  
But—just to show how hard it is  
To please some folks that come in here—  
I saw her put her hand in his  
And speak so low it reached no ear:

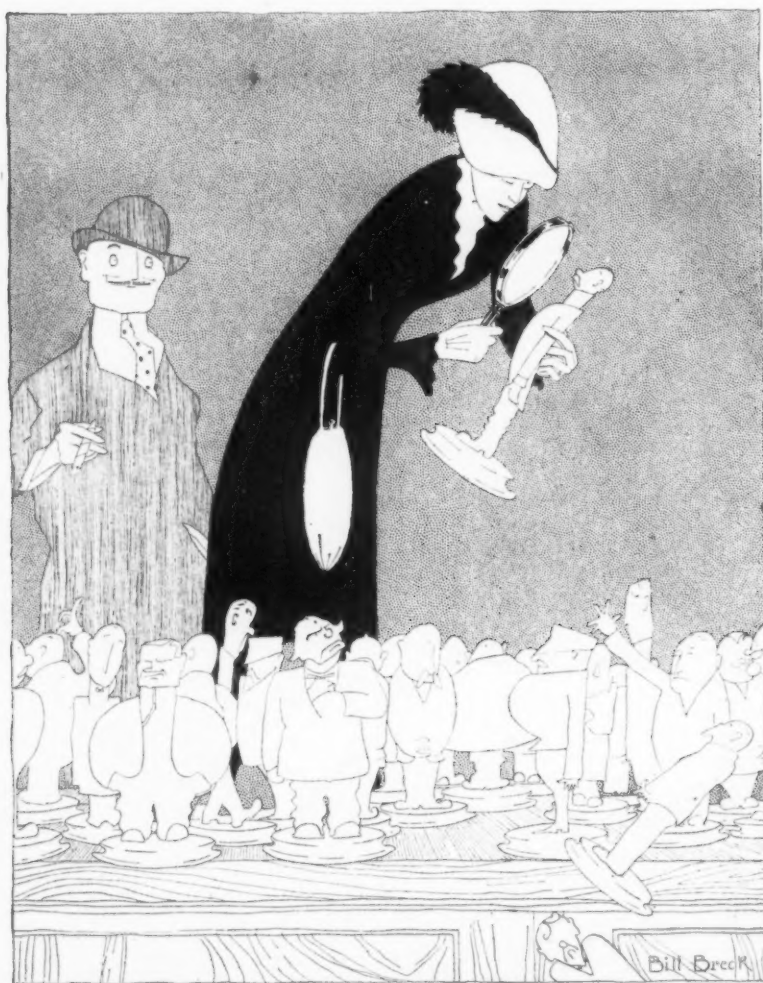
"I want to buy some twilight and a leafy little lane  
To run to greet him in each night when he comes home again."

In normal tones she said, "I trust  
No one will build across the way.  
You see we feel we simply must  
Have lots of light throughout the day."  
And though her husband smiled and signed  
The lease, and wrote a check to pay  
The first month's rent; if I'm not blind  
I'll swear I heard that fellow say:

"I want to buy some firelight for a lovely lady's hair.  
And oh, what is the price of little casles in the air?"



*Traffic Policeman:* OH, WE NEVER MIND THAT FELLOW. HIS RADIATOR'S FILLED WITH SOME O' THAT CONFISCATED WHISKY



WILL SHE BE A MORE CAREFUL SHOPPER THAN HER HUSBAND WAS?

*Spiritual Motives and Rewards*

THE suggestion was made in a late number of LIFE that the great and sustaining consolations and rewards of the war must be spiritual. But probably to a large number of the men who want the bonus that will mean nothing at all. It may help a little to borrow from an article by Sydney Coryn in the San Francisco *Argonaut* a definition of what is meant by spirituality. "We mean," he says, "self-sacrifice, renunciation, altruism, the service of others. We mean giving rather than getting, abandonment rather than acquisition, ministry rather than mastery."

Of course that implies a very much greater degree of self-abnegation than is commonly found in ordinary life, and the men who want a bonus may feel aggrieved at being held up to any such standard. Nevertheless Mr. Coryn's words do define the spirit in which the United States went into the war. Many thousands felt it—workers at home as well as fighters abroad, and those who did not feel it yielded to the power of it in others. We did go into the war out of spiritual motives. When peace came they seemed largely to disappear; yet the same motives will govern our further course in the end.

*And the Greatest of These!*

"WHAT punishment did Brown receive for his offense?"

"The court gave him a five-hundred-dollar fine, and the newspapers two columns on the front page."

*The Names of the Winners*

In LIFE's Title Contest will be published in the next issue, together with many titles that came near getting a prize.



The "right-squeeze"—an hourly occurrence on every crossing and on every crowded street, with cars of fifty different makes—more or less under the driver's control

## How Can the Motorist Save Himself from the "Other Fellow"

**N**EW YORK CITY recorded over three thousand motor car collisions last year in Manhattan Island alone.

Effective traffic regulation depends on each *individual driver* having his car under *positive control*.

If every driver could be as *sure* of his car as the Packard owner, there would be less congestion, and only the *careless* driver would get into "accidents."

**T**HE Packard people believe that first-class transportation must deliver Safety, Ability, Comfort, Economy and Enduring Value to the highest degree.

Choose from the best sources of the commercial parts makers—and

your assembled car still will not show these features to the Packard degree.

You will get them only by starting with *unified engineering* in the Packard manner.

Controlling parts by specifications and tests—through casting, forging, machining, heat-treating, finishing and inspection.

Paying 12 cents a pound for your steel, instead of taking a chance with steel at 6 cents.

You will be led straight to the Twin-Six Engine, with its sure and flexible power, and a greater range of ability in high gear than any other engine in the world.

To gears heat-treated through and through—not merely case-hardened.

To clutch, brakes, universal and bearings that give you the safety of positive control—Packard designed for the Packard car.

**I**T makes little difference whether the other fellow is to blame, or merely subject to the whims and weaknesses of his car.

The Packard owner has all the chances of the road discounted, because he is sure of what his Packard will do.

He is riding in first-class safety and first-class comfort. It costs him less *all around* than riding second class!

"Ask the Man  Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit





### Not So Funny

Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Johnson had met on the street and were discussing the frailties of their mutual friends when Mrs. Johnson's little daughter, who was interestedly regarding Mrs. Perkins' new spring chapeau, suddenly burst out:

"Mother, I—"

"Hush, darling," said the mother.

"Mother—"

"Will you be quiet!"

"Mother, Mrs. Perkins' hat doesn't make me laugh!"—*Washington Dirge*.

### A Sporting Parson

MISTRESS: I see the new curate has called. What is he like, Smithers?

BUTLER (who had noticed that the curate was dressed for golf): He had the appearance, my lady, of being out of 'oly orders for the day.—*Punch*.

### In New York

"Did the captain do anything to clean up the precinct?"

"Some say he got sixty thousand in a month."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THERE are people who, instead of listening to what is being said to them, are listening already to what they are going to say.

—*Impressions*.



Jane: I'M NOT SO CRAZY ABOUT HARRY ANY MORE.

Lizzy: WHY NOT?

Jane: BECAUSE HE KNOWS SO MANY NAUGHTY SONGS.

Lizzy: DOES HE SING THEM TO YOU?

Jane: NO, HE JUST WHISTLES THE TUNES.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

### Went One Better

The excuses offered by schoolboys are often laughable, perhaps none more so than those of two pupils of a country school for being late. Asked why he didn't come when he heard the bell, one boy said:

"Please, sir, I was dreaming I was going to California and I thought the school bell was the steamboat I was going on."

"You did, eh!" said the teacher. "And now, sir (turning to the second boy), what have you to say for yourself?"

"Please, sir, I—I was just waiting to see Tom off."—*Boston Transcript*.

### No Earthly Use

"This thrift expert gives some good advice."

"How's that?"

"He says every time we earn a dollar we should save half of it."

"Umph! What are you going to do if you've already spent one dollar and fifty cents by the time you've earned one dollar?"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"REDWOOD BAILEY," the famous American Indian, was arrested some time ago for a "seditious" speech made to a street crowd. The "cop" taking him in charge said: "If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?"

—*Pearson's*.

EXTRAORDINARY reversal of form: Little boys who grow up and think that teachers ought to be given enough to live on.

—*New York Evening Post*.



## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Utmost in Cigarettes  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably  
**PREFER** Deities  
to any other cigarette

30¢

*Singapore*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
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### Worn the World Over

For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old but makes many new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

**GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON**

## *Sloane's is literally a Treasure-House of* **WEDDING GIFTS**

**E**VERY single item of merchandise in our establishment is appropriate for a Wedding Gift, for the sole mission of this institution is to contribute to the comfort, the convenience, and the luxury of home. Nor are the little things forgotten—things adapted to the varying sentiments of family and friendship.

Witness, on this page, a cozy ensemble suggesting acceptable wedding gifts—none of them expensive, all of them appropriate. For in asking you to buy your wedding presents at Sloane's, we are not seeking to influence the amount you spend, but to have you spend it wisely, by making a gift to the Bride which will perpetuate the giver's sentiment.



**W & J. SLOANE**  
FIFTH AVE & 47th ST.  
NEW YORK CITY

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Contrary Resolutions

"You'll pardon my saying so, I hope, old fellow, but I've noticed that lately you've been looking rather peculiar."

"Yes—well, the fact is that ever since the New Year, I've been trying to live up to the principle of 'He who hesitates is lost' coupled with that of 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' and you see what it has done to me."—*London Opinion.*

### Counter-Attack

"Did that cultured book agent sell you a set of Hugo's works?"

"No, I talked him out of it."

"How did you do that?"

"I noticed that every time I mispronounced 'Les Miserables' he writhed in his chair, so I kept it up until the poor devil fled."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

### Described

"And what do you say she's like?"

"Well, she's this kind of a girl: When you are dancing with her she talks to you all the time, but when you're alone with her she just sits and looks at you."

—*Columbia Jester.*

**CARD MEMORY** A booklet—a simple method that enables you to memorize quickly at sight every card played. You remember each card in every trick. An invaluable aid to *Auction Bridge* and other card players. Postpaid \$1.00. *Players' Publishing Co., Dept. 58, 25 West 42d St., New York*

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**Cortez CIGARS**  
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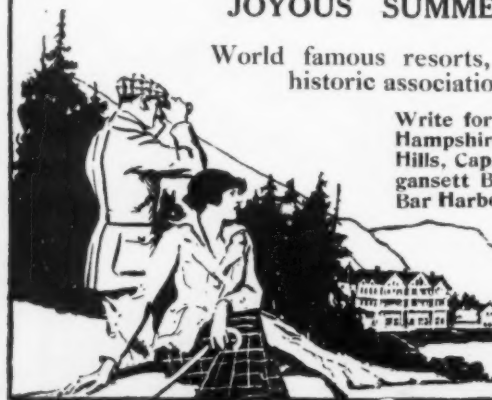
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GOING AROUND WITH A CHIP ON HER SHOULDER



### Just What is Booze?

ADDRESSING the meeting on the back page of the *Globe*, Reverend Brother Frank Crane exclaims with characteristic impetuosity:

Will Booze come back? Yes, when Negro Slavery comes back: when Woman is degraded from citizenship, stripped of her legal rights and again made man's chattel; when the Hohenzollern sits again on his impudent throne; when the Holy Inquisitions again burn heretics in the market-place, trial by torture is re-established, and gladiatorial games are held in the amphitheatres of every city, when somebody, in fine, reaches up and turns back the clock of destiny.

Booze may come back. But if it does it will be the first piece of rotten flesh sloughed off by civilization which has been regrafted and grown again.

Spirited remarks, to be sure! Words coruscant and blazing! But what does the significant one of them mean? What does Brother Crane understand by "Booze"? At what point does the presence of alcohol in a beverage incriminate it and lead it by the ear into the cell marked Booze? There is a point in evolution at which imperfectly responsible animal life becomes responsible humanity, with knowledge of good and evil. Something like that seems to happen to drink. People attempt to define the point. Two-seventy-five beer is such an attempt at definition. But it is hard to define it because of the inconstancy of the consumer. The consumer mixed with drink makes a new combination. He is not a mere container; he is part of the mixture, and no two consumers are alike. That makes most of the problem about regulation by law.

What is Booze, Brother Crane? What is Booze?

## TIFFANY & Co.

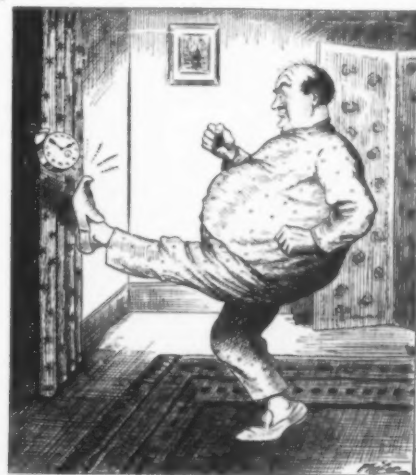
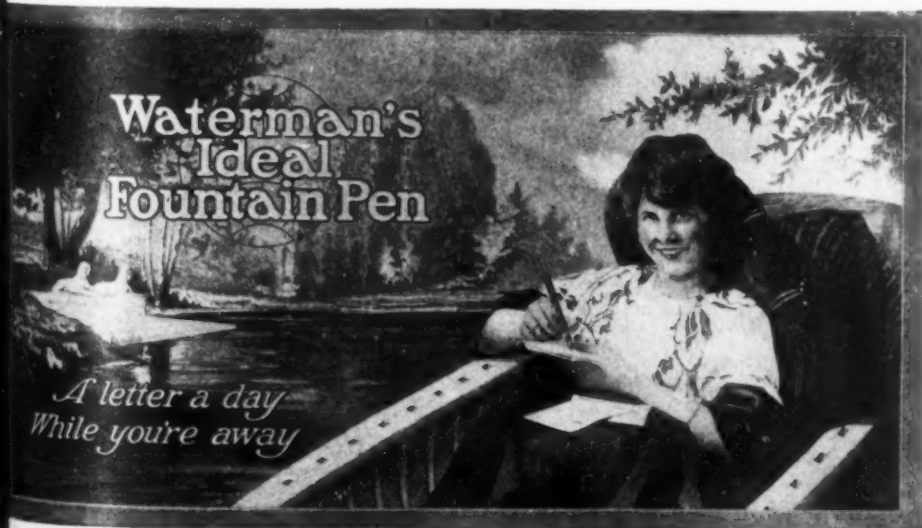
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FIREMAN RYAN, OF ENGINE COMPANY NUMBER SIX, GETS A FALSE ALARM ON HIS NIGHT OFF



## Without looking, she finds her favorites in the Sampler

THE MESSAGE OF THE SAMPLER—"The man who sent me thinks you will enjoy my beauty and appreciate my quaint bit of needle-craft. He thinks you care for color and form and dainty arrangement, and also that you have the cultivated taste to discriminate the delicate flavors which distinguish chocolates and confections of the better kind. The fellow certainly has a flattering opinion of you, but I am not permitted to say any more at this time"—

The SAMPLER and other Whitman packages are shipped direct to our local agents.

The Sampler Messenger

*Whitman's*



## Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

# BOGALUSA

"The New South's Young City of Destiny."  
New paper mill cost \$1,500,000; Y. W. C. A. Bldg., \$35,000; Y. M. C. A., \$50,000; Armory, \$12,000.

## These Days

COUSIN HELEN (just arrived in the city from the West, and anxious to make a hit with little Bobby): Have you been to the circus, Bobby, and seen all the clowns and elephants and things?

LITTLE BOBBY (with enthusiasm): What a bully idea, Cousin Helen! I've been so bothered and busy with my new novel that an afternoon of idle recreation is exactly what my nerves need.

## The Ouija Board Is Dumb Upon These Matters

THE next President.

Burleson's resignation.

The time foreordained for the reformation of Congress.

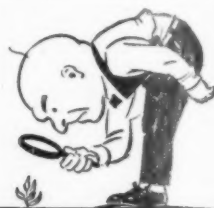
When an era of low prices will begin.  
When women will dress decently.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Have you ever been convicted of anything?

WITNESS: Yes, sir, once.

"All right, tell the jury what you were convicted of."

"I was just convicted of waiting on myself in a grocery store; that's all."



## hair & crops

CROPS perish when drought dries and cracks the soil. Similarly, hair cannot flourish and grow when the scalp becomes dry. The delicate hair roots must have nourishment. Dry scalp causes dandruff, brittle hair, falling hair, in the end baldness.

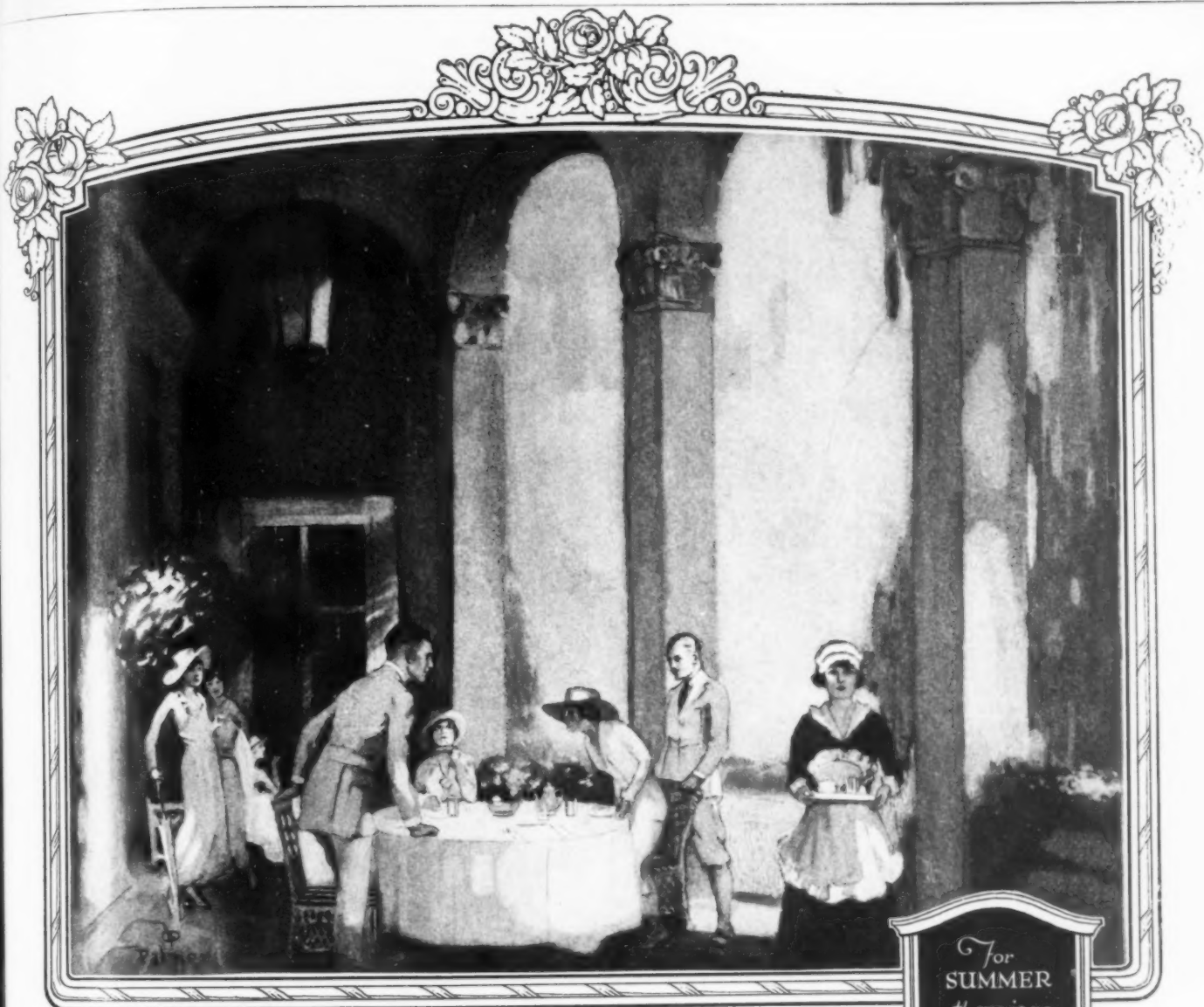
Pétrole Hahn contains exactly enough oil-food (refined petroleum) to nourish the hair roots. It eradicates dandruff and prevents that dangerous dryness of the scalp.

Men, women and children alike use Pétrole Hahn. It is not only a splendid tonic and hair food—it is a refreshing hair-dressing of dainty fragrance, delightful for daily use. It gives the hair a sheen of health and lustrous beauty. Buy a bottle at your druggist today.

# Pétrole-Hahn

For Hair-Health and Hair-Wealth  
F. VIBERT, LYONS, FRANCE.

Sold by leading druggists everywhere. Small size, \$1.50. Large size, \$2.25. Sample bottle on receipt of 25 cents. Park & Tilford, 529 West 42nd St., New York. Sole Agents in the United States.



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SUMMER  
there is no  
substitute  
for  
True Irish  
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Because it is coolest—because of its pure lustre—because it is so smart and comfortable—True Irish Linen is ideal for summer.

For Sport Clothes, Dresses, Lingerie, Underwear and Household Linen Closets—True Irish Linen is equally supreme.

All True Irish Linen is made by members of the Irish Linen Society.

It reaches you under many individual and famous trademarks—but it is all True Irish Linen.

Ask your dealer.

The IRISH LINEN SOCIETY, Belfast, Ireland



Golf  
Is a game of holes  
And hills  
And humps and hits  
And hoots  
Ay, mon,  
Ye ken it weel!  
But the best hole of all  
Is the hole  
In Life Savers.  
It used to be the "nineteenth"  
Before last January  
But Life Savers  
Don't stop  
At nineteen  
For when you drive,  
Or approach,  
Or putt,  
Gosh, how it  
Helps to keep  
Your eye  
On the ball—  
To keep  
The "cuss words" in—  
Just to have your tongue  
Wrapped around  
The candy mint with the Hole.



What's the hole for?  
To coax your tongue  
To explore  
And get more flavor  
Because there's more  
Melting-surfaces,  
And they're  
Pressed so hard  
They last  
Much longer  
When YOU are in a hole  
Like eating onions  
Or smoking too much  
And you need  
First aid  
For that stale, flat taste,  
You think of Life Savers  
With  
Spicy,  
Aromatic,  
Delicious flavor  
That cools and corrects  
And comforts  
And protects.



LIFE SAVERS  
The candy mint  
with the hole

THE QUALITY MINT  
WITH  
THE HOLE

—THEY'RE

# LIFE SAVERS



—and there's LIC-O-RICE  
—and there's CL-O-VE  
—and there's CINN-O-MON  
—and there's WINT-O-GREEN  
—which do you like best?

## A SUMMER CRUISE



### NIAGARA to the SAGUENAY

No other vacation just like this one.  
14 days of sightseeing and pleasure  
—chartered steamer from Montreal  
to Saguenay and return.

5 Tours July and August

Niagara Falls, Toronto, Thousand Islands,  
St. Lawrence Rapids, Montreal, Quebec,  
The Saguenay River, Tadousac, Murray  
Bay, Ausable Chasm, Lake Champlain,  
Lake George, Saratoga Springs, down the  
Hudson River to New York.

14 DAYS \$265 UP

AMERICAN EXPRESS

65 Broadway Travel Department New York



"IS IT TRUE SMITH'S WIFE HAS LEFT HIM?"  
"YES, MY DEAR. BUT WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT? SHE WAS A  
COOK BEFORE HE MARRIED HER."



# *“I Said Hires”*

**I**T is important that *you* say “Hires”. Because Hires is pure and healthful; while imitations of Hires, being artificially made, may be harmful.

*Nothing goes into Hires but the pure, healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries—and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is*

*maintained in spite of tremendously increased costs of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.*

Don't trifle with imitations. Say “Hires” at the fountain or order in bottles, by the case, from your dealer.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

*Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries*

· LIFE ·



# Clicquot Club

Pronounced

Klee-Ko

## GINGER ALE

A JOLLY spread for hungry picnickers—topped off with sparkling Clicquot Club. Two liberal throat-gladdening glasses in every bottle. The golden, sparkling sight of it urges you to drink—and the first glass makes you reach for the rest of the bottle.

You can safely drink Clic-

quot Club Ginger Ale as cold as ice can make it; its genuine ginger content will protect your stomach from the too sudden shock of a cold drink. Clicquot is made of purest Jamaica ginger, the rich juices of lemons and limes, clean cane sugar, and water that bubbles fresh and sweet from a cold, sheltered spring.

*Buy it by the case from your grocer or druggist, and serve the whole family whenever there's a thirst*

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U.S.A.







LOOKING BACK upon the many pretty little gallantries of the Old South it is a pleasure for the few survivors of those days to realize that one of the most charming of the cherished customs has returned, that of bestowing Sweets to the Sweet at commencement time.

*Nimmally's*

THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

ATLANTA

## There's no two ways about it!

No better cigarette can  
be made than Camels!

**G**ET the idea at once that Camels and their refreshing flavor are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked—that's why men call Camels a cigarette revelation!

You should know why Camels are so unusual, so delightful, so satisfying. *First*, quality—*second*, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, and you'll certainly prefer Camels blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels blend makes possible that wonderful mellow mildness you hear so much about—yet all the desirable body is there to any smoker's absolute satisfaction! And no matter how generously you smoke, *Camels never tire your taste!*

How you'll appreciate, too, Camels freedom from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or unpleasant cigaretty odor—a *cigarette revelation all by itself!*

Pick Camels for trial and compare them puff-by-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price!

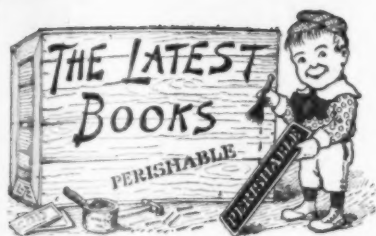


# Camel

## CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.



**LANCELOT**, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Thomas Seltzer.) This long poem uses the Arthurian legend simply as a vehicle for presenting an artist's thought on the tragedy of 1914-1918—and since. Just so, it has been pointed out, "for Shelley, *Prometheus* is only a label; he is expressing his artistic conception of life, not the history of a Greek Titan." Yet many of those who read *Lancelot* won't go deep, but will take their pleasure in the durable loveliness of many of its several thousand lines.

*The Superstition of Divorce*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. (John Lane Company.) Surely no one living could write so well about marriage except George Bernard Shaw! And G. B. S. has sped his shafts at the target. G. K. C., whose views are diametrically opposed to Shaw's when not diametrically opposed to one another, has the advantage over Shaw in that he appeals to instinct and faith rather than to reason. Shaw having convinced our heads, here comes Chesterton to tug at our hearts. G. K. C.'s plentiful paradoxes provoke more mirth than do Shaw's shrewd shots; they are kindlier—which perhaps means, when you stop to think about it, that they are nearer human truth.

*Now It Can Be Told*, by Philip Gibbs. (Harper & Bros.) He is now Sir Philip, and himself remarks that his book differs from Henri Barbusse's *Under Fire* in giving some of the splendor as well as the full horror of what he saw in the war. His book is a fine thing, not because he is unsparing, but because he feels everything, even to the cowardice

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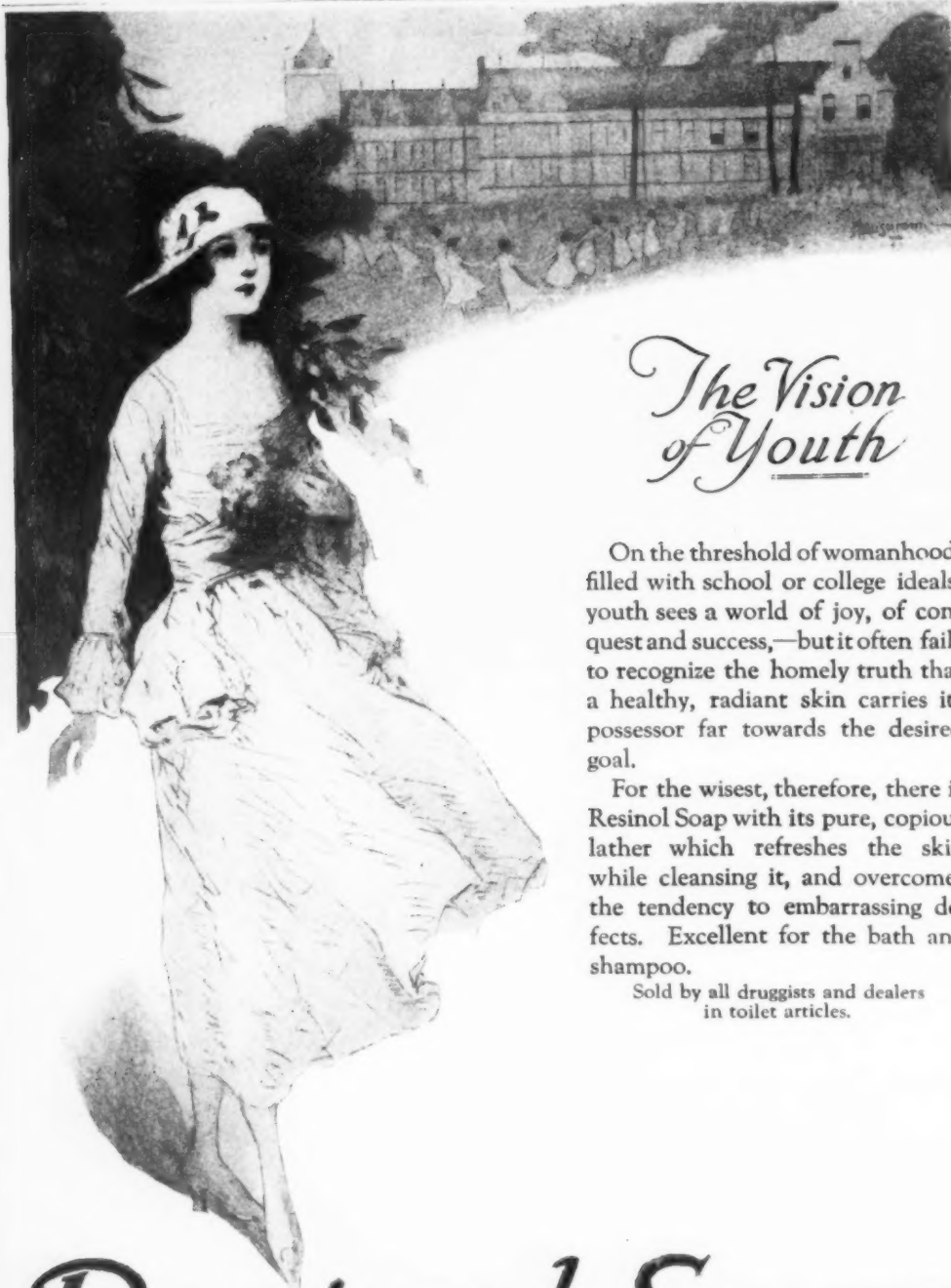
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of the fellow who "didn't mind rifle fire" but couldn't stand high-explosive shells. He makes you share the feeling, makes you understand; at the end he makes you share his opinion—and Edith Cavell's—that "patriotism is not enough," and that Hate is the only thing which may safely be hated.

*The Haunted Hour*, by Margaret Widemer. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.) Under this felicitous title are gathered close to a hundred poems dealing with the

return of spirits to earth. If we must have anthologies of poems about trees, gardens, ghosts, etc., this one may serve as a model. The selection runs from the Ingoldsby Legends to such younger contemporaries as Francis Carlin. In general, readers will find more new things they are glad to know than old verses they are fain to seek.

*Adventures Among Birds*, by W. H. Hudson. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Some of Mr. Hudson's papers, contributed in

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the last few years to English periodicals, are here refashioned into a book with delightful headbands and tailpieces from a bird book of 1826. He writes about birds in England, but does that matter? Under the spell of such chapters as "Goldfinches at Ryme Intrinsica" and "The Immortal Nightingale," it certainly does not. Best of all, there's an index—for this is one of those books the reader is always pulling down from the shelf.

*The Thunderbolt*, by G. Colmore. (Thomas Seltzer.) Starts as social comedy and satire, passing suddenly, two-thirds of the way through, into an affair of the same tragic sort as Brieux's *Damaged Goods*. The irony toward the end is somewhat ghastly, as when, on the last page, we read: "It is a faint little satisfaction to Georgina that Dorrie died of an illness she can talk about." Well written.

Grant M. Overton.

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### Ambition

KNOW that Nature has a way  
Of making men from common clay,  
Despite the plans we would devise  
For drawing substance from the skies.  
All lofty souls must rail at birth,  
That links them to the dusty earth.  
There's scarce a man who does not take  
Some pains to prove the great mistake  
Of Nature's scheme. Each yearns to be  
A spark of some divinity.  
Yet Nature, changeless as the day,  
Still makes her men of common clay—  
But flings some star dust in their eyes  
To lure their vision to the skies!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.

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### Food for Thought

A PROFITEER is a man who follows the long green line.

Never discuss matters of weight with a fat woman.

Of two clever women choose neither.

Money is the root of all evil and the most carefully cultivated plant in the garden.

The average candidate is willing to accept the office only if the People want him,

so he spends thousands of dollars convincing the People that they do want him.

Many an April fool has brought home a June bride.

There are as many poor fish in the sea as ever were caught.

A study of modern literature convinces us that Shakespeare is really more punned against than punning.

We all make mistakes—some of us acknowledge them.



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It is well known that under the strain of modern life gray hair is frequently premature. Yet each gray hair is a handicap, socially and commercially. Each tells a story of waning power, waning charm. Each foretells loss of some kind—of admiration, of influence, even of salary and position.

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Neither is necessary. If you fear gray hair, or if your hair has turned gray, begin La Creole treatment at once. La Creole will restore hair that has grown gray, gray streaked or faded to its original color, luster and beauty. It will not do so over night as would a dye. It works no sudden noticeable change. Two to five weeks treatment is required

to restore the natural color—lightest brown to deepest black—whatever the natural shade was. After that apply it only occasionally. The stimulus will preserve the vigorous healthy color permanently.

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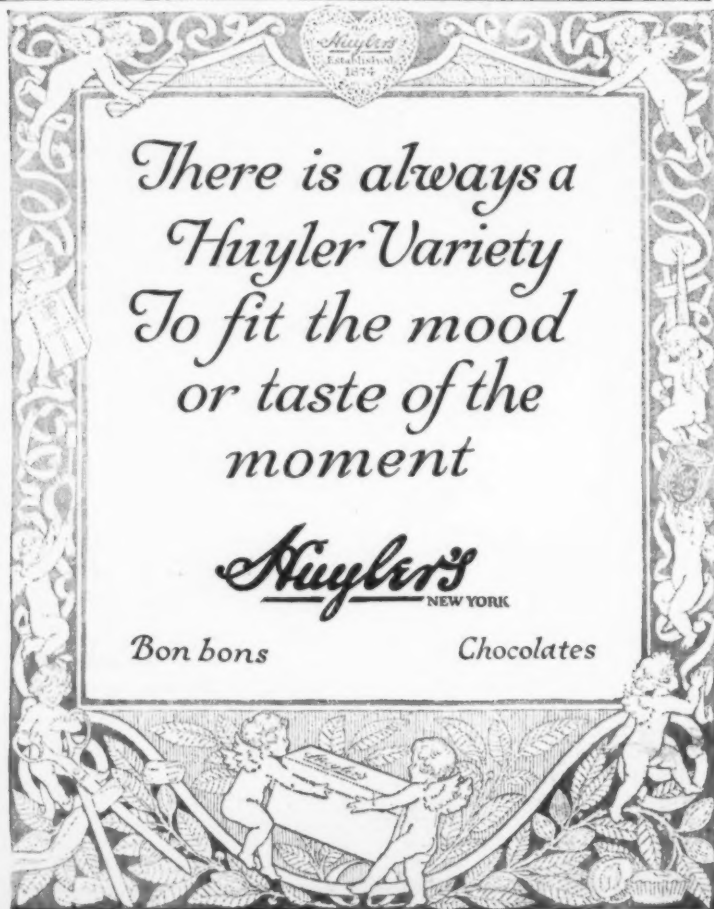
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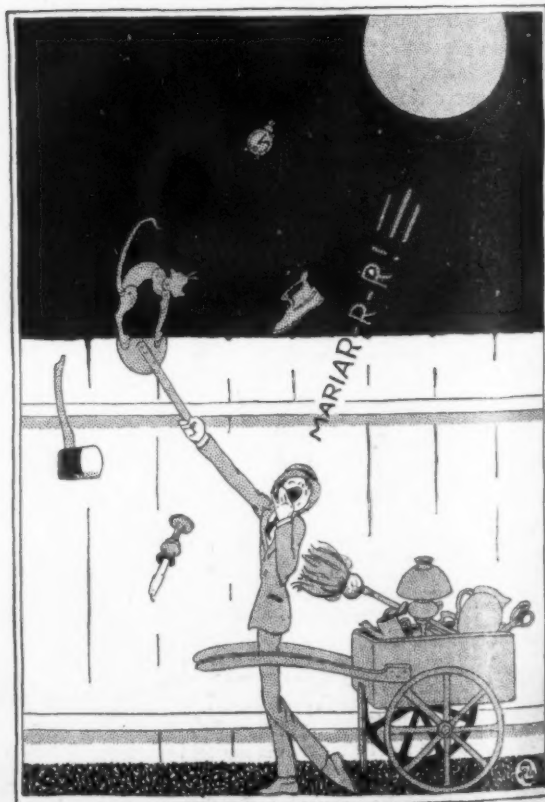
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· LIFE ·



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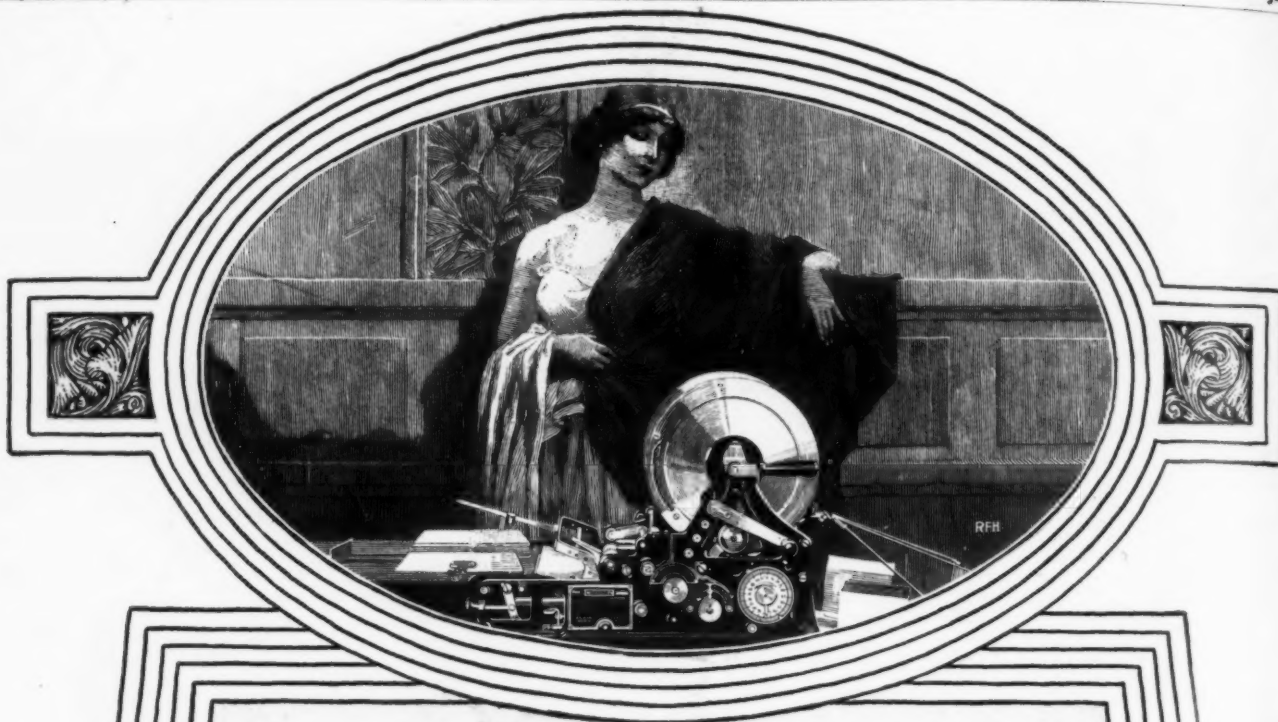
Sure as Sam Hill, the kids do like to "Whistle."

And grown-ups say it's liquid happiness in bottles.

You'll say so, too! Look around and you'll see a place to

# WHISTLE





*Graced!* She, who in the business of this brisk day is a persevering and now really tremendous power—"the second in command"—is quick to stamp with her unrestrained approval those things which best help to lighten the burden of her work. A new order! Because the Mimeograph is particularly a woman's implement—neatly doing in hours the work of days—its importance in the world of commerce has kept pace with the remarkable growth of woman's influence in business. Today the Mimeograph is duplicating, at the remarkable speed of five thousand well-printed copies an hour, all kinds of form letters, bulletins, blanks, designs, maps, diagrams, etc., in unnumbered thousands of institutions throughout the world. And thereby it is cutting costs and tedious labor down to minimum. Booklet "W-6" will tell you how this is done. Send for it now. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

